

MERRY ENGLAND.

DECEMBER, 1889.

Mr. Scott Nasmyth Stokes.

THE retirement of Mr. Scott Nasmyth Stokes into private life, after long service as one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, affords us a fitting opportunity for publishing a brief sketch of a career conducted with ardour and ended with honour. Endowed with a capacity which would have won for him distinction in any quarter, however ambitious, Mr. Stokes devoted himself with single industry, and a rare conscientiousness, to the duties of his office ; and in the esteem of the Department, and the homage of all the masters and all the mistresses with whom he had dealings, he has found his reward. "I acted with Mr. Stokes," writes Mr. Lingen (now Lord Lingen) fifteen years ago, to the Lord President, the Duke of Richmond, "both when he was Secretary of the Roman Catholic Poor-School Committee, and when he became one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, for many years, and often in very confidential relations. His official position was often one of great difficulty, and I do not hesitate to say that I never acted with a man who justified greater confidence ; and by this I do not mean to say that he was an Englishman without being a Roman Catholic. I consider him to have done great public

service, and to have reconciled duties which might have distracted a less able, courageous, and conscientious man. No Inspector could, in my judgment, put before himself a better example than he has set." Praise from Lord Lingen is praise indeed; and we quote it out of its place because it strikes the keynote to all that is to follow. Mr. Stokes is a typical Englishman, and a typical Catholic, taking a high type of both the one and the other. It would not have occurred to him to make the distinction of being the one first, and the other afterwards, for he is both at once and thoroughly. And yet of him, too, as of all true believers, it may be said that he would not love England so well, loved he not religion more.

Mr. Stokes came, as one might suppose, of sterling stock. He inherited all the virtues and all the prejudices of the professional classes in England; the first he retained, and the latter he discarded. Born in Doughty Street, in 1821, before Dickens or Thackeray were among its denizens, he was the third son of Charles Scott Stokes, a London solicitor of large practice, whose office was in Basinghall Street, and afterwards in 24, Cateaton Street, now renamed Gresham Street, where he had a large house looking in front on Old Jewry, and in the rear upon St. Stephen's Church, Coleman Street. His father before him had lived in Brunswick Row, Queen Square, and belonged to the Evangelical school, having been a member of Lord George Gordon's Association; and, later on, the friend of Newton, Venn, and the poet Cowper. One of the future School Inspector's uncles carried the MS. of "John Gilpin" to the *Morning Chronicle*, where it first appeared in print. The grandfather married, in 1777, Dorothy Scott, of Netley, Salop, one of whose brothers was Major Scott, who took the surname of Waring upon succeeding to the estates of his kinsman, Adam Waring, of Shrewsbury, and afterwards sat for Cricklade in the House of Commons, where he defended Warren Hastings against the attacks of Burke and Sheridan. Of Major

Scott-Waring's daughters, one married John Reade, of Ipsden, father of Charles Reade, the novelist; and another married George Stanley Faber, master of Sherburn Hospital, Durham, a voluminous writer upon prophecy, and against Romanism, an opprobrious term devised by him when much in controversy with Provost Husenbeth. Through this connexion, Scott Nasmyth Stokes and Father Faber were not merely fellow-converts, but were also intimate friends. From his great uncle, Dr. Jonathan Scott, he inherited, through his father, the name of Scott; this Dr. Scott being Oriental Secretary to Warren Hastings when Governor-General of India. The name of Nasmyth came to him from his godmother, Miss Mary Nasmyth, afterwards well-known in Paris as the Countess de Melfort. The Count de Melfort was a member of a Scotch family, who suffered grievously in the cause of the Stuarts. One of them was Lady Clementina Villiers, whose interesting "Reminiscences" record the tragic death of the beautiful Deborah Jenkins, of Beachley, and her three cousins, who all died in childbirth in one year. One of these was Scott Nasmyth Stokes's mother; and among his cousins were Mrs. Standish, of Duxbury, and Mrs. Montjoy Martin, both celebrated beauties in the society of a past generation.

The small property of Beachley, near Chepstow, which passed to Mrs. Charles Scott Stokes under her brother's will, upon her death in 1835 went to her daughter, Emma Dorothy Stokes, who, upon marriage with the Rev. John Churchill, Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, sold it to her cousin, Robert Jenkins, who retains it. The little church at Beachley, as appears from tablets on the wall, was built mainly by the exertions of James Jenkins, of Chepstow, and Charles Scott Stokes, who lies buried in the churchyard. Beachley forms a small peninsula at the junction of the rivers Severn and Wye, and the broad estuary of the Severn is here crossed by boats at the Old Passage, where from very ancient times com-

munication has been kept up between Bristol and South Wales. At Beachley, Scott Nasmyth Stokes and his brothers often spent their holidays, sleeping at Bristol on the way, or when their mother, who was an invalid, posted down, taking three days for a journey which may now be comfortably performed in little more than the same number of hours. But railroads and the Severn Tunnel have ruined the Old Passage. The death of both his parents took place while Scott Nasmyth Stokes was still at school.

He was the youngest boy ever admitted to St. Paul's School when he was "read in" in 1828. There he stayed for twelve years. Among the books still treasured in the library in Holland Street, Kensington, is a set of Bekker's "Plato" with an inscription on the title-page, placed there by Dr. Kynaston, head-master of St. Paul's, and recording that Scott Nasmyth Stokes was, at one particular examination, "the first, as always." In that "first" of Kynaston there was on that occasion, perhaps, some flattery, since Stokes was beaten in the Greek verse composition by his schoolfellow—destined to be his life-long friend—George Renordon Kingdon. Together they proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, and became contemporary scholars of the College, where Kingdon, less distracted by Puseyism, pursued his classical studies with better effect than Stokes, but was only a few months behind him in his reception into the Church. In later life the two friends were destined to be divided in their callings; but the one as a priest, and the other as a layman, had at heart the kindred service of education. While Mr. Stokes took official part in forwarding elementary education under the auspices of the State, the Jesuit Father added, in himself, a host to the teaching staff of Stonyhurst.

Already, at St. Paul's, and while the century was still in the thirties, the High Church movement had stirred even the heart of schoolboys. It was Thomas Norton Harper, also afterwards a Jesuit, who brought the good tidings of great joy to St. Paul's.

By him the name of Pusey was whispered into the ear of Stokes, at first with something of mystery, and finally with open enthusiasm : that Pusey with whom Father Harper was, in the years to come, to break lances in the deadly earnest of religious controversy. Another schoolfellow was Benjamin Webb, afterwards Incumbent of St. Andrew's, Well Street. From him, when both had proceeded to Trinity, Stokes derived his interest in that revival of ecclesiastical architecture which had already led to the foundation of the Camden Society in the University. Archdeacon Thorp was its first president ; and one of its earliest members was Dr. J. M. Neale, a name dear to many as that of the translator of the Church's glowing hymns into glowing English.

Among the incidents of Mr. Stokes's Cambridge career, one or two may be recorded as significant. St. Sepulcre's, or the Round Church, had, through neglect, fallen into decay, and the small parish was unwilling to raise an adequate rate for its repair. This little church was one of peculiar interest, on account of the rarity of its shape and the want of precedent in dealing with it. The enthusiasm of the Cambridge Camden Society was fired, and the Society undertook to repair St. Sepulcre's, as a model of church restoration conducted on sound principles. When the fabric was happily completed, the internal fittings came under consideration. A stone altar was anonymously offered, accepted by the Committee, and set up. The incumbent, however, who belonged to the Low Church section, strongly objected to the altar, and finally took legal proceedings against the churchwardens to enforce its removal. The local Ecclesiastical Court was in favour of the Society, but upon appeal to the Court of Arches the final decision was that the Established Church had no altars, and consequently the St. Sepulcre's erection must go. The unhappy stones were cast out of the church, to the great indignation of the Ritualists, and not least among them of Scott Nasmyth Stokes, who had been the donor of the "stone altar."

Another incident of this period was the building of the first Catholic church in Cambridge. It was a small lowly edifice off the Hills Road, and attracted little notice in the University; but the architect was A. W. Pugin. Some of the Camden men had met him in London, and he was soon introduced to the rest of them. He found congenial spirits in the young enthusiasts, to whom his visits were a treat and an enlightenment. He would occasionally join a party at supper, and entrance them with the genius of his fervid conversation, describing the glories of the Old Church or the incidents of travel by land or sea, and ever ready with his pencil to illustrate any object whatever from a cathedral to a pump. A few survivors may still bear in mind a memorable day spent in Ely Cathedral, when the great architect was left alone in the Lady Chapel during the service attended by the others, and at its conclusion was found in tears over the ruin wrought by Reformers and Puritans in that beautiful structure. Perhaps Father Mills, of the Birmingham Oratory, and the late Father Hutchison, of the London Oratory, were of that day's party. Without controversy, association with so delightful and attractive a man as the Elder Pugin could not fail to exert a beneficial influence. There were occasional visits, too, to the new Catholic church, and some slight acquaintance with Canon Quinlivan, the first priest, who remained on the mission there for many subsequent years.

Mr. Stokes remained at Cambridge, and became indeed a Perry Exhibitioner in 1845—that year of grace. But having given his attention to religious controversy and ecclesiastical architecture, and being already engaged to be married to Emma Louisa, sister of his old schoolfellow, the Rev. F. C. Walsh, of University College, Oxford, he went out modestly to the poll, and never sat for a Fellowship. His heart was with his work as Secretary of the Camden Society, and as Assistant Editor and part proprietor of *The Ecclesiologist*; and he joined in attempts to extend the influence of the Movement beyond the limits of

the University—contributing leading articles to the *Cambridge Advertiser*, over which the party gained control. Among other of his adventures in print was a Christian Kalendar, printed at the University Press, and written on principles then considered so extravagant as to excite the indignation of the Senior Fellows of Trinity, who thereupon refused the writer's testimonials for orders when he was about to become a clergyman; one of them—Professor Sedgwick—making a violent attack upon him at the next general meeting of the Camden Society. The members supported the innovator, however, and the Professor of Geology had the chagrin of seeing him re-elected Secretary amid the tumultuous applause of the Undergraduates. Of all the cheers, none were so loud as those given by poor Mr. Wagner, and by James Boone Rowe, afterwards a Father of the London Oratory, and always the attached friend of the triumphant Secretary. From early years Mr. Stokes had had the desire to be a clergyman. In the long vacation of 1844 the wish was all but accomplished, and was stopped almost at the last moment by the death of the Rev. John Trevelyan, of Milverton, to whom he was to have become curate. The frustrating of his intention again in the spring of 1845, by the refusal of College testimonials during term time, was thought to be a harsh step, as it was certainly unprecedented, towards a member of the Foundation, who was charged with nothing but unpopular opinions and an exercise of private judgment. It had, however, the happy effect of saving him from a false position and giving him a strong distaste for persecution during the rest of his life.

At the end of September, 1845, the funeral of an aunt called him to Shrewsbury. Journeying slowly towards Cambridge, he passed Sunday, October 2nd, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, and with a brother attended High Mass in St. Chad's Cathedral there. It happened that a Cambridge friend, the late Mr. Burton, was then acting as Sacristan at St. Chad's. Burton joined the brothers after Mass, and proposed to show

them the vestments and other treasures of the sacristy. He then asked them to look at the Bishop's House, and there introduced them to the priests. Dr. John Moore, then senior priest, invited them to luncheon and prolonged an interesting conversation until the time came for Benediction at the Handsworth Convent. An interview with the Sisters of Mercy followed, and on separating it was arranged that Mr. Burton should take Scott Nasmyth Stokes to Oscott on the following day. Here he was made known to Dr. Wiseman and Dr. Logan, and spent much time in the room of the amiable Father Ignatius Spencer, whom from that day he never ceased to love. Other visits to the Bishop's House followed, and the way into the Church became clear. Affairs in Cambridge, however, required his presence there, and he left Birmingham with a settled purpose to return. He did not conceal from relatives and friends his intention to become a Catholic. Of course they remonstrated, and called upon him to put his reasons upon paper. He did so. The document was sent to Dr. G. S. Faber and produced a lengthy rejoinder afterwards published as a pamphlet. Professor Lee also repaid the services of his early benefactor, Dr. Jonathan Scott, by printing a pamphlet in depreciation of a grandnephew and godson. These efforts were of no avail. At the end of term, Mr. Stokes returned to St. Chad's (whither Frederick Faber had already found his way), and, by desire of Dr. Moore, made public profession of faith in the Cathedral, and was received into the Church after High Mass upon a Sunday in December, 1845.

Change of religion alienated friends, and seemed for a time to ruin his prospects in life. He was, however, young and resolute. A relative at the very time became manager of large engineering works near Birmingham, and offered to make him correspondence clerk, whereby he might gain some knowledge of business and earn a small salary. He accepted the offer and married in April, 1846. He remained in this position for a year, contributing articles to

Dolman's Magazine and other periodicals. Interesting events of the period, in which his name was brought before the public, included the conversion of Father W. Hutchison, of the London Oratory, whose wrathful brother-in-law proposed wager of battle, of F. A. Paley, and Father John Morris, S.J. In 1847, internal dissension rent the Catholic Institute in twain. The Association of St. Thomas of Canterbury, under Frederick Lucas, was formed to promote political interests. The Vicars-Apostolic created another new institution, to look after the education of the Catholic poor, and named it the Catholic Poor-School Committee.

On September 27th, 1847, the eight Vicars-Apostolic, at that time the Catholic Bishops in England and Wales, nominated a Committee of twenty-four members—two laymen and one ecclesiastic from every district—"it being the unanimous intention of the Bishops to carry on henceforward the great work of the religious education of the children of the poor, by the assistance and through the instrumentality of this new Committee;" and, further: "We have sought and still seek our due share of aid from the Government of the country," and "we desire to have intimated to Her Majesty's Government that we approve of them as our organ of communication on the subject of education." The eight Bishops signing the Charter are now all gone, Archbishop Ullathorne being the last; but of the twenty-four original members still survive the Bishop of Plymouth, who as the Rev. W. J. Vaughan was clerical nominee of the Western District; and W. J. Amherst, now S.J., who was one of the lay nominees, first of the Central District and subsequently of London. This new School Committee first met upon November 10th, 1847. The Hon Charles Langdale was chosen Chairman, and the appointment of a Secretary was discussed. A priest had been Secretary of the Catholic Institute at its disruption, and in the controversies which led to that event some inconvenience had been felt. The Committee, therefore, resolved to appoint a layman with the concurrence of the

Bishops ; and, at the suggestion of Dr. Wiseman, the post was offered to Scott Nasmyth Stokes. His Catholic friends generally dissuaded him from accepting it on account of the smallness of the emoluments and the uncertain prospects of the Committee. Father Faber, however, who was then settled with his Community of Wilfridians at Colton Hall, near Cheadle, after a full discussion of the matter, urged him to make the trial. Mr. T. W. Marshall, the first Inspector of Catholic Schools, reported in 1849 of the Committee: "Composed of many of the most intelligent and influential members of the Catholic body, and enjoying a twofold advantage in the unlimited confidence of the ecclesiastical authorities, and in being the recognised organ of communication for educational purposes with the Committee of Council, it has not only employed all due means to promote and recommend the Government measures for the benefit of Elementary schools, but has in a great measure created or perfected the machinery for developing the efficiency of existing schools, and taken the initiative in preparing or suggesting the gradual introduction of all those new institutions of which it has been the first to discover and point out the imperative necessity. Very few are the localities which I have visited where I have not detected the signs of its powerful and beneficial action." And more in praise of the Committee's operations.

Early in 1848 Mr. Stokes removed to London with his wife and first child, taking a small house—18, Nottingham Street, Marylebone—and using the dining-room as office of the Catholic Poor-School Committee. The years in London were very busy. Meetings of the new Committee, conferences with the Bishops ; negotiations, begun with Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth and continued with Lord Lingen, successive Secretaries of the Privy Council Committee ; correspondence with the clergy and promoters of schools, collection and distribution of funds, publication of appeals, reports, and a little periodical called *The*

Catholic School, combined with occasional attendance at public meetings in London and elsewhere in providing abundant occupation. Efforts were made to encourage the practice of vocal music in schools, and also to improve their religious aspect by gifts of an image of the Madonna with a print of Our Lord blessing children, designed for the Committee by Mr. Henry Doyle, now C.B., and intended to be the first of a series. Mr. Stokes's work was fortunate enough to secure the approval of the Vicars-Apostolic. In 1848 a letter addressed to Mr. Langdale, and signed ✠ N. Wiseman, says: "The Bishops take this opportunity of expressing to the Poor-School Committee, through you, their sense of the high value which they attach to the services of Mr. Nasmyth Stokes, as Secretary of the Committee. The clearness and accuracy of the reports drawn up by him, the punctuality of his attention to the immense and varied correspondence required by his office, the diligence of his application to the details of every local interest, the usefulness and practical character of the publications put out by him in reference to the objects of the Committee, as well as his conduct and character in every other respect, have gained for him the sincere regard of their Lordships." In 1849 the Vicars-Apostolic besought the Pope to grant a Plenary Indulgence to those who subscribe to the Commission which "the Catholics of England have formed under the name of 'Poor-School Committee,' to take charge of the collections for the Catholic education of the Catholic poor, and of other matters tending to promote the same, under the direction of the Bishops;" and by Rescript, dated October 31st, 1849, His Holiness was pleased to grant the Bishops' petition in perpetuity.

Early negotiations with the Government, under terms of a Minute of Council passed December 18th, 1847, were concerned with the appointment of an Inspector of Catholic Schools, with the conditions of grants, the examination of teachers, the employment of Religious in schools, and various other matters.

These had for the most part been satisfactorily arranged, excepting the terms of the trust deed to be used in the case of schools receiving Government building grants, when the silly hubbub occasioned by what was called Papal Aggression, upon the introduction of the Hierarchy, threatened to throw everything into confusion. The Committee persisted in employing the new territorial title in describing the Bishop, and this was made unlawful by the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. The threatened deadlock was avoided by the moderation of Cardinal Wiseman, for whom Mr. Stokes arranged an interview with the Lord President. Dr. Turner, first Bishop of Salford, submitted a trust deed for St. Chad's School, Manchester, with a designation which avoided the legal obstacle, and thus the difficulty was solved for the Committee.

Besides the proper work of his Committee, Mr. Stokes found time for an effort on behalf of Catholic children in the Marylebone Workhouse, of whom some sixty were avowedly being brought up as Protestants. On behalf of Dr. Wiseman, he offered to take these children out of the Workhouse, and place them in suitable Catholic institutions at Southall and Norwood. When legal difficulties in the way of the acceptance of this proposal were urged by the Marylebone Guardians, he put himself in communication with the Poor Law Board and the Privy Council, obtaining plain statements that the proselytism of Catholic children in workhouses and district schools was illegal. He entered into correspondence with leading members of Parliament, got himself elected Guardian for Marylebone, and raised the important question which His Eminence Cardinal Manning has now brought to a triumphant issue. The correspondence was printed at length in *The Catholic School* (No. 14), February, 1850. Among those who showed most zeal on behalf of Catholic children in workhouses was the late Mr. George Moore, then M.P. for Mayo.

From an early period the Poor-School Committee turned its

attention to the establishment of a Normal School for Catholic schoolmasters. The Bishops, after deliberation and inquiry, had expressed a preference for Brothers as schoolmasters, and had fixed upon the Congregation of the Abbé J. M. de Lamennais as most suitable for the circumstances of England. *The Catholic School* for November, 1848, wrote: "The Protestants 'have thirty large Normal Colleges, with a thousand teachers constantly in training. We have—NOT ONE.'" The Committee resolved upon an attempt to found one. They directed Mr. Stokes to open correspondence with Abbé Lamennais, to send twelve English youths to his head establishment at Ploermal in the Morbihan, and at a later period to visit the institution himself and make a report upon it. All this was done as circumstances allowed. Seven of the English youths took the habit on the Feast of the Assumption, 1848. They were, after two years, to return to England as Brothers, and to form the nucleus of a teaching institute. It, therefore, became necessary to provide a home for them. After long search, nothing was found more suitable than Brook Green House, Hammersmith, which had been used as a ladies' school in the days of persecution, and had lately been surrendered to the Vicar-Apostolic. This property was bought by the Committee, but much change was needed. The house had to be repaired and altered, the garden of three acres laid out, and a practising school and dormitories erected. Mr. Stokes was directed by the Committee to attend to these works and to assist the infant Community when, under a French Brother as temporary Superior, they began their work in England. Accordingly, in December, 1850, he moved his family to a house on Shepherd's Bush Green, and for office used a room in Brook Green House. When the building plans had been carried out and the Rev. J. M. Glenie chosen Superior, the office of the Committee was again removed to 6, John Street, Adelphi. At the great institution at Brook Green, now under the in every way admirable Presidency of the Very Rev. Dr. Graham, no visitor

is more welcome or more congenial to-day than the pioneer who has never, amid all the chops and changes of life, lost his keen interest in this place of vital import to the Catholics of England. Among London reminiscences, perhaps, it may be allowed to note that among the kindest friends of the struggling Secretary were Mr. W. Lescher and his family, then living in Nottingham Place. In this pious family all the four daughters became nuns, and one of them has conferred, and is conferring, incalculable benefits upon Catholic teachers and children as Sister Mary of St. Philip, Superior of the Training College of Notre Dame, Liverpool. It has been the happiness of Mr. Stokes from time to time to render some little help to this important institution.

Mr. Stokes entered the Inner Temple in 1849, and was called to the Bar in 1852. But his career was obviously marked out for him on other lines. Already, in 1851, Mr. T. W. Marshall had found his strength unequal to the task of inspecting all the aided Catholic schools in Great Britain, and had asked for help. The Privy Council in 1852 sanctioned his demand by Minute, but the Government resigned without carrying it into effect. Earl Granville became Lord President, and upon the recommendation of Mr. Langdale and others offered the new post to the Secretary of the Catholic Poor-School Committee. But Mr. Stokes, on ascertaining that the proposal was to appoint a Sub-Inspector—a class discontinued for many years—declined the offer. Before many months the offer was renewed upon a different basis, and in April, 1853, Mr. Stokes was gazetted as Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools. The district assigned [him on appointment comprised North Wales, the English counties of Shropshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and Northumberland, together with the kingdom of Scotland. A bare enumeration of the territories within which, in 1853, a single officer without assistance was easily able to examine

all the Catholic schools under inspection, forcibly illustrates the immense expansion of primary education in thirty-six years. However, even then the multiplication of schools was rapid, and when in 1856 a third Catholic Inspector was appointed, Mr. Stokes parted with Scotland, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham, but annexed Stafford and Derby. From time to time modifications were made, but substantially Lancashire and Cheshire provided the chief work of the Catholic Inspector down to 1871.

A Parliamentary incident may be mentioned. Sir Charles Adderley, now Lord Norton, who had been for a time Vice-President of the Committee of Council, took occasion, from a debate on the Education estimate, to say that he had never known a Roman Catholic Inspector to report anything wrong in a school of his denomination. As it happened that one of the three Catholic Inspectors had retired, and another was in bad health, the task of rebutting his aspersion fell upon Mr. Stokes. He was able to do so completely by an appeal to his reports upon individual schools, which, when Sir C. Adderley was Vice-President, were printed and circulated with the Government Blue Book. Reference to these reports showed but too many cases in which a Roman Catholic Inspector had found something wrong in a school of his own denomination. Sir John Acton, now Lord Acton, brought the matter before the House, and Sir C. Adderley withdrew the injurious statement with an apology to Mr. Stokes.

In 1867 Lord Derby's Government, at the instigation of the Irish Secretary, Lord Mayo, determined upon another effort to settle disputes about elementary education in Ireland, by the issue of a Royal Commission of Inquiry. In accordance with the dual system prevalent in Irish offices, the Commission was to consist of seven Catholics and as many Protestants, and these were to include two of the English Inspectors. The position was accepted by Mr. Cowie, now Dean of Exeter, and

Mr. Stokes, whose English work was performed by substitutes during their absence in Ireland. Consequently Mr. Stokes gave to this Irish business the greater part of 1868 and 1869, and the early months of 1870. Besides the frequent meetings of the Commission for examination of witnesses, it exercised some supervision over the ten Assistant Commissioners (of whom one was Mr. P. Cumin, now Secretary of the Education Department), and gave much time to the model schools. The model schools formed the main bone of contention. These are institutions built, supported, and managed in many parts of Ireland, but chiefly in Ulster, by the Government Board of Education at great cost, for the purpose of showing the best specimens of united primary education, and of training elementary teachers. They had fallen under the ban of the Irish Bishops in 1862, but were highly favoured by the Presbyterians. At the request of their fellow-Commissioners, Mr. Cowie and Mr. Stokes undertook to visit and examine the literary model schools throughout Ireland, and to bring up a joint Report upon them; while Professor Sullivan (now President of Queen's College, Cork) and Mr. J. A. Dease discharged similar duties in regard to the agricultural model schools likewise maintained at much expense by the Board. When the inquiry was complete the four members to the Royal Commission just named were, under the Chairman, Earl Powis, mainly concerned in preparation of the draft Report. The portions from the pen of Mr. Stokes, often laboriously debated and altered in the full Commission, were the history of the system in two hundred pages, and the chapters on school books, training of teachers, literary model schools, special classes of schools in workhouses, gaols, reformatories, endowed schools, and intermediate education. The chapter on intermediate education was relied on by Earl Cairns when moving the second reading of the Irish Intermediate Education Bill in the House of Lords, and the general recommendations of Lord Powis's Commission have been adopted by

the Archbishop of Dublin as providing a fair settlement of disputed questions.

After the signing of the Report of the Royal Commission in May, 1870, Mr. Stokes returned to his ordinary work as an English Inspector. Mr. Forster's Bill was now before Parliament and when passed it demolished denominational inspection. Intimation was given to Mr. Stokes that he would be removed from Lancashire to a London district, and would be made one of eight Chief Inspectors, to whom it was proposed to give a general superintendence over as many divisions of England. This change was effected in 1871. Mr. Stokes became Inspector of the Southwark District, and Chief, first in the South-Western Division, and then in the Eastern Division, and finally in the South-Eastern Division, comprising the counties of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. He continued to discharge the duties of this post until September, 1889, when he retired from the Civil Service with a pension. His children are settled in life. His eldest surviving son is a practising barrister. The second, Mr. Adrian Stokes, is a landscape painter of repute, with an Austrian wife who paints children with applause, and has exhibited in Munich, Vienna, Paris, and London. The next is a rising—a risen—architect, who has been elected this year's President of the Architectural Association; and the youngest is doing well as a civil engineer. Both his daughters are married, the elder to Mr. Henry J. F. Vaughan, of Christ Church, Oxford, and the younger to Mr. Scott Coward, who was his substitute during his absence in Ireland, and is now the Chief Inspector in the North-Western Division. That his years may be long in the land which he has loved and served is the wish of a multitude of persons who have been helped by his kindness, guided by his good counsel, and encouraged by an example which is eloquent to all.

JOHN OLDCASTLE

*Fairy Horses.**

LITTLE JESSIE is dreaming still,
Sitting and singing the self-same song ;
The ploughman's coming home from the hill,
The evening shades are long.

Little Jessie has no fear
Of lonely fields or lengthening shade ;
Crooning low in Boholaun's ear
The pretty song she made.

Eyes and hair like a gipsy child,
Heavy lids, with a fringe like fur ;
The fairies took Shaun Carmody's child,
And in its stead left her.

Russet head to the russet weed,
Jessie's laughing so sweet and low ;
She hears beneath the weed and seed
The fairy horses go.

Prance, and dance, and champ, and neigh,
Keeping time to her pretty song ;
They stand in golden stalls all day,
They travel all night long.

* *Boholaun*, the yellow rag-weed, is to the Irish peasant the enchanted horse of the fairies hidden in homely disguise.

If you came at murk midnight,
Here where Boholaun stands alone,
You should find a steed of might,
And russet Boholaun gone.

You should find a steed of might,
Here, where Boholaun fronts the wind,
Soft as silk and milky-white,
His grey eyes wise and kind.

Kate Carmody stands at her cottage-door,
Fair she is, and calm, and mild,
Gazing the glooming pastures o'er
To find her fairy child.

Jessie heeds not cry or call ;
A fairy's ring is on the grass,
Over the circle mystical
The cattle dare not pass.

Little Jessie has no fear,
The rooks fly home : she will not stir ;
Crooning sweet in Boholaun's ear
The song he loves from her.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Concerning Christmas.

BEFORE another month has passed, the great social festival of the Christian year will have come and gone. And yet hardly gone either, for no Feast seems to linger so long with us. Besides the actual Birthday which hallows the entire season, there are the Circumcision and the Epiphany, and a galaxy of Saints' Days scattered round about. Amid these "red-letter" days, what juvenile parties are to be held, what gatherings of nearest and dearest, and then among entertainments, the pantomimes, and the winter oratorio-concerts. Hardly a great town but has its "Messiah," to render which the picked voices of choirs and the local orchestra give ready and efficient aid. The part played by this sublime music epic in educating the English ear for music can never be over-rated. Who is there that does not revel in the glorious chorus, "Unto us a child is born," and its contrast, the soothing Pastoral symphony, embodying Handel's recollections of the Roman Pifferari, and marked in his original score, "*Pifa larghetto e mezzo piano*"?

The very severity of the season wherein Christmas comes, set as it is in the midst of short days and long nights, seems to give it a popularity which belongs to no other Feast in the year. Easter and Whitsuntide can never compete with it. Though their splendour be greater, and their weather bright, they bring to the masses of English people no associations so strong as those encircling Yule-tide. Sour-faced men have looked askance at the joy and wassail; but the feelings of the simple have never been with such strait-laced "Saints." Only in parts of "Bonnie Scotland," where such Puritanism yet lurks,

are Christmas revels put down, and the very day itself allowed to pass unkept in Sandy's Kirk, and by his ain fire-side! He has no part in distribution of "hot-pots," which will garnish many a wretched table in our large towns, or the clothes made by Needlework Guilds; he furnishes no Christmas trees for schools, and hospital wards, and "homes"; and he has no money-tips for his vassals. Never will it be known until the great accounting-day how much charity, throughout even Protestant England, annually surrounds and brightens the Birthday of Him Who had no place whereon to lay His head.

Then in the manger the poor beast
Was present with his Lord,
Then swains and pilgrims from the East
Saw, wondered, and adored.—(*Old Carol.*)

The preparation for "Yule-tide" may be said to start with December itself. The Church has her own busy preparations for the Birthday of Her Founder. There are the cunning heads and lissom fingers designing and making adornments for the walls of churches and chapels. Quite an army of "church-workers" are let loose, under the vigilant eye of priest or parson, to adorn, to festoon, and in many ways spend both time and money, that God's house may appear festive. And for real poetic beauty nothing can surpass the liturgy of the Catholic Church. The penitential season of Advent, which opens the Ecclesiastical year, gradually prepares for the joy of Christmas. As a certain writer has expressed it, the mourning of Advent and Lent, when the vestments and hangings are purple, the hymns of joy hushed, and the organ silenced, differ in this, that the former is a gloom ending in total darkness on Good Friday, whilst the latter is a twilight, getting gradually brighter, until it bursts into the full dawn of the Nativity. The whole spirit of the liturgy and office for Advent is one of impatience and expectation. *Rorate cæli desuper* is the constant cry; and see the Collects: "Excite, O Lord, Thy power, and come"; "Excite our hearts to prepare the way of Thy Son"; and that unique one

for the Vigil, "Grant that we, who joyfully receive Thy only Son, as our Redeemer, may behold, without fear, the same Lord Jesus Christ coming as our Judge!" On this latter day, expectation culminates in the oft-repeated antiphon: "This day you shall see that the Lord will come and save us, and in the morning you shall behold His glory"; and in the one at the *Magnificat* of first Vespers of the Feast: "Ere the sun shall have arisen in the heavens, ye shall behold the King of Kings going forth from the Father, like a bridegroom from the bridal-chamber."

In the mediæval times, the Faithful were wont to attend the churches at the long Office of Matins that precedes the midnight Mass, and the old writer tells us some interesting facts. The First Nocturn is typical of the dark period preceding the delivery of the Law on Sinai; the Lessons, as now, were chanted without a title, similarly to the custom at "Tenebræ" and "Dirges," and the altar was hung in black. The Second Nocturn signifies the gradual enlightenment of the world by the Law and the preaching of the Prophets, and the black gave way to white; while at the last and joyful Nocturn, which ends with the "Gospel Homily" and the *Te Deum*, the white gave way to red, symbolical of Divine love. An interesting rite also occurred at Rome, when after the Fourth Lection, the Pope blessed a helmet and sword, in allusion to the new-born King, of whom the Office sings: "He hath girt Himself with power, and clothed Himself with glory and strength." These were afterwards presented to that prince and knight who had deserved well of Mother Church. If present, he was duly invested with them by His Holiness. The knight thrice brandished this sword, and wiping the blade on his left arm, and sheathing it, proceeded to chant the Fifth Lection, which treats of the combat of Christ with the power of Satan. In the early ages of Christianity, another ceremony no less interesting took place before the Seventh Lection, which treats of the Gospel for the First Mass: "A decree went forth from Augustus Cæsar," etc. If the Roman

Emperor were present, he was now vested in a cope, and conducted by two Bishops to the Lectern, where His Majesty chanted this Lection. At the conclusion, he was conducted to the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, which he reverently kissed, in token of the submission of the Temporal Power to the Spiritual.

Whatever the waits or carol singers were in the days of Merry England—and beautiful old carols have come down to us—it must be admitted that nowadays their performances are generally a poor mockery. Yet how moving they might be made, by a selected few of the school children or choir boys singing carols in proper tune. For these waits are to recall the angels who brought “good tidings” to the poor shepherds: hence the cry “Noel!” which occurs in the oldest carols, and is Norman, a shortened form for *nouvelles*, news.

Rome had special customs of its own at Christmas. The Pifferari were seen in the various streets serenading the Madonna in the wayside shrine. I have a small picture made in Rome, where they are seen, as they go out together, father and son: the old man plays a bagpipe, and the youth a flageolet. Sir George Head’s “Tour in Rome” has a long and interesting description of these quaint Calabrian shepherds. “The primitive pastoral appearance of these people, and their wild mountain melodies, harmonise especially with the simple sentiment of homage naturally generated in the mind on the recurrence of Our Lord’s Nativity; for their clothes, together with their instruments, are actually such as may be readily imagined to be both the same, unchanged and unimproved, that have been handed down from generation to generation. . . . From the moment the Pifferari arrive, some days before Christmas, till the day of the festival, not only for the whole day, but from three or four hours before sunset till three or four hours after it, in the depth of winter, do they wander about from place to place. They are seen and heard in the open streets before a picture of the Madonna suspended against the wall of a house, with a lamp

before it, where the moment they arrive they cross themselves, and then begin to play, observing the while a devotional attitude, bare-headed, their high-crowned hat suspended by a string, the body bent forward, and the eyes raised reverentially towards the picture." But these sounds are no longer to be heard. At the *Missa Pastoralis*, or Mass of Day-dawn, at St. Mary Major's, where the relic of the holy "crib" are exposed, the shepherds were wont to make weird music on their pipes.

On the Capitoline Hill, where was once the Temple of Jove, stands the Ara Cœli. There exists a legend concerning this Church of Our Lady, in which an inscription declares there once stood on this spot the first altar erected to the "first begotten of God." It is said to be enclosed in the Capella Santa, under the octagon baldacchino in the centre of the north transept. It is said that Augustus Cæsar, elated with joy, asked the Sibyl if anyone living exceeded him in happiness or power, and if he should allow the obsequious Senate of Rome to enrol him among the gods of the city. The inspired woman, shrinking not from call of duty, told him that one was now born whose power should eclipse even that of Cæsar himself. Then she led him at dawn to the Temple of Jove, and showed to him, amid the glowing disc of the rising sun, a vision that startled the eyes of Augustus. It was the Virgin-Mother seated, and holding her Child in her arms. The pious Emperor then and there called for incense, and on his knees sacrificed to the *Primogenitus Dei* thus revealed to him. I have seen this subject more than once amidst the paintings of the Pitti Palace, Florence; one especially, by Garofalo, shows the Sibylla Tiburtina pointing to the image in the sun, and the Emperor bowing with clasped hands before an altar. Whatever be the origin of the legend, the words of Virgil's Pollio (Eclog. iv.) are certainly strange:

Magnus ab integro sæculorum nascitur ordo.
Jam redit et *virgo*, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam *nova* progenies cælo demittitur alto.

These lines inspired Pope's "Ode" and Milton's glorious "Nativity:"

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

In support of this, a very curious oracle, carved upon a stone, is said to have been found among the ruins of the old temple in the Capitol, but I have searched in vain for the present whereabouts of a memorial so rare. These are the three hexameters of the Delphian Python:

Ille puer Hebræus Divos Deus ipse gubernans,
Cedere sede jubet tristemque *redire* sub orcum,
Aris ergo, *dehinc tacitis*, abscedite nostris.

In this Church of Ara Cœli the famous Bambino is placed in a splendid crib, and every morning little children give each a discourse of three or four minutes on the Mystery of the Incarnation. "From the mouths of infants and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Our own national folk-lore regarding Yule-tide will be found at length in Chambers's "Book of Days," and in that ever fresh and delightful "Sketch Book" of Washington Irving. We end with a stanza of the well-known carol composed by the Martyr-poet, Father Southwell, S.J.:

Behold a simple, tender Babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas! a piteous sight.
The inns are full, no man will yield
This little Pilgrim bed,
But forc'd is He with senseless beasts
In crib to shroud his head.

WILFRED DALLOW.

At Nazareth House.

CHARITY has inevitably become as complex as any other department of the highly organised and minutely specialised civilisation of to-day. The more multiple the organism the greater in number its diseases and the more subtle their relations. This is true—to a platitude—of each distinct part of a living body; it is true of each body; and it is true of the organised body of every European society. Sensitive and innumerable inter-dependences, systems within systems, communicate in the structure of civilisation. There is no evading the all-penetrating touch. In their measure “the whole head is faint and the whole heart sick.” Of this multiplicity and difficulty the remedies partake, so that it is no wonder if the charities of the modern body of mankind have become a matter of intricate study.

How intricate, we may judge from the fact that men and women who have sacrificed their lives to the succour of the poor—who would certainly die as they have certainly lived for the unfortunate—have maturely decided that almost all the ways of almsgiving are injurious and should be abolished; that it is better for the struggling classes that their children should be allowed to come starving to the schools, than that the parents should be released from the least part of their duties or encouraged to a merciless irresponsibility. Miss Octavia Hill has trained the ladies who work for her to deny themselves the smallest almsgiving in their districts—nay, to go about taking instead of giving money, collecting the rents of the poor with

insistent and inexorable regularity, as the best help towards sobriety and thrift. It is the very heroism of charity, a service without sweetness, except of the bitterest and most spiritual kind. Nevertheless, amid so many complexities and hesitations, there are necessities, inflicted by Nature herself, which keep



THE BABIES' ROSARY.

something of the simplicity of their origin; and such are the necessities of orphan children, diseased children, and old men and women stricken with "the milder illness, age," which is incurable. These can be succoured simply

—can hardly be succoured otherwise. And they may be succoured without mischief-making. A working man who must not be dispensed from feeding and educating his child, may without weakness be forgiven for not providing for his orphan—the conditions of human nature demand thus much indulgence. Therefore we may righteously succour the orphan. Then the incurable child is an infliction upon the difficult home of even



PREPARING FOR VISITORS.

the thrifty and industrious labourer which he may be pardoned for not foreseeing, for asking the fortunate to help him to bear. If economic conditions were less severe with him, charity might perhaps be more severe. As it is, we can do little but good by giving his life—just possible under normal conditions—relief from an abnormal difficulty, and by taking from the miseries of

the narrow home the diseased child that hinders the mother's labour. By doing so we shall not, at any rate, produce more diseased children. And as for the old, everyone knows how inculpably they may be left destitute, how often they are left orphans in the inverse sense, their children having died before them, or having simply "gone under," or having evaded the responsibilities of sonhood, or having vanished in a manner not uncommon with the poor, who have to live and die in frequent ignorance of



A SKETCH IN THE DISPENSARY.

the fate of their flesh and blood. It might perhaps be possible for all workers to provide against their own old age after a life of labour; but as the world has been formed by the operation of Individualism and the penultimate form of Liberalism, it is generally impossible. Therefore to the old and abandoned also the house of refuge may be opened. And as these may be rescued without harm, so, we have said, they may be rescued simply. To them the apostolate is the original one of alms and service—alms

from the benevolent, personal service from the beneficent. The young and the old, when they are solitary, are helpless. They cannot be made more helpless by pauperising. And there is no short cut to their succour. Nothing but gifts from the store of the world can buy them the possibilities of life, nothing but the human arm and heart can gather them and lull them into the cradle and the grave. Someone must pay, someone must labour for them ; it is an hourly necessity.



THE CHOIR

Those givers of alms, therefore, who have the honest intention of doing not kindness merely but good, will gladly be reminded by Messrs. Burns and Oates's publication, "The Poor Sisters of Nazareth,"* of the direct and unmistakable work of devotion and charity done at the Hammersmith house of refuge, and in all the other Houses of the

* "The Poor Sisters of Nazareth." Written by Alice Meynell, and illustrated by George Lambert. (Burns and Oates.)

Order in England and the Colonies. A book so new and so graceful in form cannot fail to stimulate the general love for a charity full of divine and human interest.

It is perhaps the first time that convent life has been put upon record by a pencil working upon modern methods.



TEA-TIME.

"Romantic" art has worked its will upon the cloister, it is true, to singularly futile effect, and now and then a painter of the contemporary Continental schools has vigilantly taken some passage of the monk's or the nun's external aspect from the life.

But Mr. Lambert does much more in showing the processes of the day in Nazareth House, the incidents that in their simplicity cannot be imagined, but can only be watched for, the routine with its unconscious and involuntary picturesqueness. Illustrating the text profusely, this artist never fails to compass the charm and value of work done from nature. What that value is the world has at last learnt and acknowledged. Not only in the rendering of dramatic action or movement is it apparent; it is evident in the most ordinary attitude and the quietest moment when studied by an artist as much in love with truth as he is bound to be. The art of illustration, as it is now at its best, with nothing ready-made permitted to it, is laborious enough, but its laboriousness augments instead of diminishing its vitality.

Produced in beautiful form—both in the first issue and in the larger *édition de luxe*—the book will prove a Christmas gift that should be fruitful of Christmas gifts to a noble charity. With the return of winter weather, the Sisters of Nazareth have a double need of help in their redoubled activity.

A. C. OPIE.

*The Story of a Conversion.**(Continued from page 23.)*

CHAPTER III.

THE UNDERLYING QUESTION.

THERE was no other way of clearing up my difficulty if it could be cleared up, except carefully to examine, as far as I was able, the credentials of Christianity. And in one way I am not sorry I had to do this, for it deprived "infidel arguments" for ever afterwards of the freshness and excitement, the gloss and attractiveness of novelty—just as to have been familiar from an early age with anti-Catholic stories of scandals and abuses made other stories of the same kind, heard or read later, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Unbelief, as long as it is novel and curious, and has a special *cachet* about it, possesses an important advantage, which is transferred to the other side when not to believe becomes common, and vulgar, and the natural inheritance of everyone who is careless or vicious. Very many young people, I should suppose, have a spasm or fit of something like scepticism more or less severe on entering into the mixed world in which we have to work and live; and, as with measles and other disorders of childhood, it is well to have it over early. But why not from the first have repelled the doubt as a temptation, and thrown it on one side by an effort of the will? Because, I would reply, where a difficulty or a doubt is felt as the

apparently legitimate result of what seems to be sound evidence, it can no more be got rid of by a mere act of the will than fire can be held in the hand by thinking of snow. The evidence is an external fact, which has to be dealt with in some one or other of the ways appropriate for dealing with evidence. In a temptation, on the other hand, the thing to which the temptation is, is felt and recognised to be sinful; and in this case we are of course under a stringent moral obligation, arising out of the supremacy of conscience, to put on one side the act, or word, or thought, to which we are tempted. But if one does not really know which of two beliefs or courses of action is true or right, and which is false or wrong, there is still indeed a *πειρατμός*, a testing, or trying, or assaying of the manifold elements in one's personality. But there is in this case no temptation in the usual sense of the word in current religious language, except, perhaps, the temptation to idle over the subject of doubt, or to decide by passion, or by prejudice, instead of holding the scales justly and evenly. In the case of honest and conscientious doubt, recommendations to cut the knot by an act of the will are impracticable and irritating. The only advice that can be given is to be perfectly fair, to consider religious subjects in the highest and most spiritual frame of mind, and to distrust impressions connected with a low ethical level.

And now as to the Christian evidences. The method I propose here to take in opening up this part of the subject is to suppose a progressive series of points or questions.—In any religious system we may distinguish its matter and its form; its *matter* being its individual, ascetical, moral, and (as they are often mis-called) “speculative” doctrines, and its *form* some ruling or governing doctrine or doctrines by which it is determined or decided what individual doctrines do or do not appertain to the religion in question. Well now, if a Protestant is asked why he believes such or such a dogma to be true—the dogma, for example, that Our Lord is both human and divine—he will

probably reply that he does so because he finds it in his Bible. Ask him further where he finds it, and he will probably direct you to some text. He may, for instance, refer you to a prophetic passage in Isaiah, which is acknowledged by believers and unbelievers alike to have been written of the Messiah or Christ—the passage “Unto us a child * is born, unto us a Son is given ; and the government is laid upon His shoulder ; and His Name is called,” or proclaimed, “wonderful, counsellor, God the Mighty One, Father for ever, Prince of Peace” (Is. ix. 6 [5]). It is plain, he might say, that one *person* is here spoken of, Who, though he be God and man, is not two, but one Christ. He is described as man, or possesses a *human* nature, for, *e.g.*, He is said to be born. He is equally represented as possessing a *divine* nature, for in His name (the five titles by which he is proclaimed in entering on His kingdom forming one single complex name) He is expressly called *El*, God ; *Gibbor*, the *Mighty One*. This is one of the official designations of Jehovah in the Old Testament, and is, in fact, so used in the very next prophecy, where we read, “The remnant of Israel shall return to Jehovah, a remnant shall return to *El Gibbor*, God the Mighty One” (Is. x. 21, 22). “The word selected for ‘God’ is not,” our Protestant may desire us to observe, “*Elohim*, which is applied to the judicial authority (Ex. xxi. 6 ; xxii. 8), to Moses (Ex. vii. 1), and to the apparition of Samuel (1 Sam. xxviii. 13) ; but *El*, which whenever it denotes (as it uniformly does in Isaiah) Divinity, does so in an absolute sense—it is never used hyperbolically or metaphorically.”† In the same way, ask a genuine Protestant

* In the old English meaning of the word child, which comprehends much more than childhood in the modern sense of the word.

† T. K. Cheyne, “The Prophecies of Isaiah,” 1882, p. 63. The *-im* in *Elohim* shows it to be grammatically a plural, *-im* being the sign of the plural in Hebrew, as in cherubim, seraphim, etc. The plural form of this divine name, which literally means not God, but Gods, was presumably handed down from a preceding polytheistic age. The ancestors of the Hebrews were, of course, polytheists (Jos. xxiv. 2). At the same time, *Elohim* is never used by a sacred writer in a singular sense, that is,

—by which I mean a Protestant who abides by the principles of the Reformation—why he believes in the total corruption of human nature through Adam's sin, or in our redemption through Our Lord's death, or in justification by faith alone, and he will equally reply of each, that he reads it in his Bible. He is aware that this is not a final answer, but that there are other questions behind it; and if you inquire of him concerning these ulterior

when applied to only one person, of anyone but God. The speaker in the narrative of the apparition of Samuel is not the author or compiler of the books of "Samuel," but the sorceress, who was probably more than half a pagan; and in Ex. vii. 1, "The Lord said unto Moses, See I will make thee a god," *Elohim*, "to Pharaoh," there is evidently an ellipsis of the particle *as*. It is only in the mouths of idolaters, or when employed of more persons than one, that *Elohim* is ever applied to inferior beings. The reason of the usage is, no doubt, the familiar principle that the signification of a word is more intense when it is concentrated in a single object than when distributed among many. *Elohim* and *El* are both derived from a root, *khāl*, 'ūl, or 'il, to be strong; the first being apparently a South Palestinian form, and the second a Northern form, clipped and shortened, and not plural, but singular. The (or a) word 'el is four times (Gen. xxxi. 29; Deut. xxviii. 32; Micah ii. 1; Prov. iii. 27) used as signifying power in general, in the prepositional phrase *l'el yodh*, in the power of the hand. But the meaning is here so different that in spite of the identity of derivation, this *el* is practically another word. The case is like that of *file*, a scraping instrument, and *file*, a file of soldiers, which, notwithstanding their common derivation from *filum*, may, as Mill says, in his "Logic," be considered as two names, accidentally written and spoken alike; and the meaning of *el* in the phrase *l'el yodh* is too far away to affect its meaning as a concrete name denoting a person. But when used in this second way it resembles *Elohim* when employed as a singular name, in being applied to God alone. There are two apparent exceptions in Ezechiel ("I will deliver him into the hand of the 'el, the hero, of the nations," Ez. xxxi. 11; and "There shall speak with him, 'elē gibbōrīm, the heroes among the mighty," Ez. xxxii. 21) on account of which it has been imagined that the expression *El Gibbor* in the prophecy of Isaiah may mean no more than 'mighty hero.' But though *el* now stands in these two places in the Hebrew text of Ezechiel, the word which was originally written there was *l*, distinguished from *el* by having the letter *yodh* before the *l*, and signifying strong or potent. It is used, e.g., in Exodus xv. 15; 4 (2) Kings xxiv. 15; and Ez. xvii. 13. Prophesying in Chaldea during the seventy years' captivity Ezechiel was influenced by the Assyrian he heard spoken round him; so that, says Friedrich Delitzsch, "the more accurate writing is *élē* [and *l*], for the Babylonian [Assyrian] word which has the same signification," of great man or hero "is *aialu*. One of the glosses gives *ilu*," the Assyrian word meaning God, "as equivalent to *sarru*," the word meaning in that language a prince, "but *ilu*, God, is never written *ilu*." (Delitzsch and S. Baur, *Liber Ezechielis* . . . cum . . . glossario Ezechielico-Babylonico Friderici Delitzsch, Lipsiae, 1884). In numerous MSS., moreover, as Parkhurst (*Lex. Heb.*) notices, and in particular in the Oriental MSS., the *yodh* still survives in both the places in Ezechiel; and the reason of its disappearance in other MSS. may have been that later copyists imagined it to have been added only as what is called a *mater lectionis*, i.e., a sign how to pronounce the vowel. At the same time, had anyone asked Isaiah whether, by calling the Messiah *El Gibbōr*, God the Mighty One, he meant to pronounce Him consubstantial with Jehovah, I conceive that as a Jew he would have shrunk back. For in their inspiration the prophets said more than they realised; and only the slowly working Providence of God by the event revealed the full import.

questions, he will make the best replies he can. But this is the reply to which he first betakes himself. The formal or determining principle by which he declares himself to be guided in accepting or rejecting any doctrine proposed to him, is his finding or not finding it in his Bible. Such, then, is the formal principle of Protestantism.

But suppose we press the matter further, and ask: "How do you know that your Bible and its contents are what you imagine them to be?" He will reply that he is persuaded of this, not by early education, by historical studies, or by what his knowledge of Hebrew and of Greek has taught him; but by the faith by which he is justified. He does not dispute, it may well be, the usefulness, in their place, of historical and linguistic attainments, of acquaintance with the Christian evidences, of early Christian education, of the early piety enforced by the example of others, and of old familiarity with the text of Holy Scripture. Yet these are in his view less than the ploughing of the field which is afterwards to be sown; the supernatural influence which is subsequently to possess the mind does not *require* this ploughing; and all the ploughing in the world will not produce a single ear of the harvest. But, he will tell you, there came a time when it pleased God to reveal His Son in him:—a time when he knew himself forgiven, and when in that knowledge he knew what and of what sort he was in himself, what and of what sort was forgiveness, and what and of what sort was the Redeemer. And then, when he again looked into Holy Scripture, he saw there what he was conscious of in himself, so that Scripture thus became authenticated to him; while in reading it he also saw more than he had yet found in himself, and was thus led to examine himself further, and drawn on to deeper knowledge. He makes no claim for his own feelings and sentiments, his own inferences and reasonings, in so far forth as they are natural and merely human. He protests, indeed, that it has been irresistibly borne in upon him in the process of his justification that the whole of the human

faculties, the intellect included, have been by original sin wholly and hopelessly corrupted. But he avouches that the spiritual taste and tact by which he decides on these subjects is not natural or merely human, but proceeds from the Holy Spirit of God. A *spiritus privatus*, a personal and supernatural enlightenment, has, if you credit him, been communicated to him individually by the Holy Ghost; it is the faith by which he is justified—the personal revelation of Christ as his Redeemer. This faith enables him to decide between true and false doctrine, and between true and false Scripture; while it puts him in a position to distinguish the inferior parts of Scripture from the better—from the special and select texts (of which, he will explain, “Unto us a child is born” is one) which we ought to take as the keynotes in their several octaves.

Now, no one should allow himself to forget that the above was the doctrine of Luther, Calvin, and their fellow-workers and immediate successors. It is, in plain English, a doctrine of private inspiration; and anyone who believes himself to be inspired, will, of course, as long as he retains that belief, rise superior, in his own fanatical conceit, to any arguments from Scripture, Fathers of the Church, human reason, or anything else that can be brought against him. Any reader will see that this is not the doctrine of private judgment now commonly received among non-Catholics, that by fair and unprejudiced exercise of one's natural faculties on the evidence, one ought to decide on the truth first of one doctrine and then of another, until the whole circle or series of doctrines has been gone through as far as it is needful to examine them. The Reformers repudiated, with all the energy of which they were capable, the blasphemous notion (as they considered it) of private judgment, whenever they came across it. Their principle of the entire corruption of the human faculties necessitated their taking a more severe view of it than that taken by Catholics; and private judgment, which is in reality not Protestant, but Rationalistic,

became a pseudo-Protestant doctrine only as the alternative doctrine of the *spiritus privatus*, or private inspiration, broke down.

In consequence of this breaking down, a Protestant taken at hazard is likely not to be a genuine disciple of the Reformation, but a person who holds certain Christian doctrines on a Rationalistic pretext ; and if you ask him how *he* knows that his Bible and its contents are what he imagines them to be, he will reply that he knows it by the exercise of his private judgment. And yet nothing can well be clearer to any unprejudiced mind than that the exercise of private judgment is not the divinely appointed method of arriving at the knowledge of truths necessary to be believed. This for the evident reason that it does not work. It is not, therefore, properly speaking, a method at all, for the very meaning of the word method is a way of proceeding from which a certain determinate result *de facto* follows. An unworkable method is a method only in name ; and the exercise of private judgment issues in no determinate result, but leads different people to different conclusions. Pouring dilute sulphuric acid on iron filings is, for example, a *method*, in the legitimate sense of the word, of obtaining hydrogen. It is so because when you make use of it, taking certain precautions which can be stated beforehand and may be learnt with a little practice, you do *de facto* obtain hydrogen. You know what to expect, and, practically speaking, you always get the same result. But pouring the first liquid you come across on the first substance you lay hands on is not a method of obtaining hydrogen, simply because no one can tell what will come of it. You might, by chance, have hydrogen evolved ; you might have something else ; no chemical action might follow ; or you might lose your life. So it is with private judgment. No one can make sure what will come of it. People belonging to particular "sets" may, and of course do, asseverate that only themselves and those who agree with them use it properly and prayerfully.

But if there were an incarnation of impudence, what could incarnate impudence itself say more impudent than that?

It is, however, impossible to stop here. We cannot rest content with the knowledge that private judgment is a failure, but must inquire why and wherefore it is so. The answer is, in a word, that it is not a method adapted for religious truth because it is ἀπόφασις ἰδία, personal, private, or individual judgment. In one sense, it is true, all judgments or mental decisions respecting truth and falsehood are individual judgments; that is, they are all of them judgments emanating from individuals. The whole human race is composed of separate individuals, and whenever a judgment or mental decision is thought or uttered, it is some individual or other—Greek or barbarian, savage or civilised man, child or adult, male or female—who forms it. But though a judgment is always from or by an individual, it need not for that reason be an individual or private judgment in any relevant and therefore appropriate sense. The point is, does the individuality of the man who makes the judgment pass over into the judgment which he makes? The case is like that of spring water, which must by the nature of things always come from some spring or other or from some combination of springs, just as every judgment must be formed in the mind and must issue as a proposition from the lips of some individual or some combination of individuals. But if it carries with it no additional ingredients from its spring, it is no longer a special kind of water, but is simply the common element of water, from whatever spring it may have been drawn. In the same way, if the individuality of the man does not pass over into his judgment, it is no longer a private or individual judgment—there is no individuality in the judgment itself, but it is a κοινὴ ἀπόφασις, a common or impersonal judgment. Of this kind are, for example, the judgments of mathematicians and of scientific men where they are trustworthy, and the judgments formed in common life wherever entire reliance is to be placed in them. Their formula is "I decide

in such and such a way ; but there is nothing personal in my judgment itself, and anyone with the evidence before him would decide in the same way if he threw his own personality entirely out of account." Only in proportion as this formula is justified, are private judgments trustworthy. The moment we suspect that a philosopher, or a man of science, or a tradesman, or whoever else it may be, is putting his own personality into his judgment, at that moment the judgment becomes itself suspected. "You say that because you are an Englishman," or "because you are a Radical," or "because you are a Liberal," or "on account of your being a capitalist," or "a working man," at once saps, if the allegation can be proved, the trustworthiness of a judgment. Every private judgment, in a word, is untrustworthy in precise proportion as it is an *ἴδια ἀπόφασις* or private or personal judgment ; and a judgment is trustworthy, in science, philosophy, art, or any other subject, only in proportion as it is a *κοινὴ ἀπόφασις*, a common judgment, stripped of the individualising peculiarities of the person who made it, and such as would be arrived at by reason in the abstract, or by a typical man, if we could get hold of such a being. What is private is *τὸ ἴδιον*, one's own, pertaining to oneself, singular, penetrated by one's own individuality, with characteristics as individualised as are our features, our voices, or our handwriting.

What is the ulterior reason that the sporadic judgments of individuals are so much less trustworthy in religion than they are on other subjects? It is that the judgments themselves are much more individual. And what is the reason why the individuality of the searcher penetrates so much more into religious judgments than into others? In the first place, it has far more ample opportunity of doing so. It does not seem to be possible for the human mind to pursue a number of investigations—on the divine mission of our Lord ; on His Godhead ; on the Divinity of the Holy Spirit ; on His grace ; on the sacraments ; on purgatory ; on the intercession and invocation of the saints ;

and on a multitude of other topics—without introducing into them elements derived from its own irrelevant and perishing individualising characteristics. This is not peculiar to religion ; it is a general attribute of human thinking ; and it equally holds in science, in which nothing is more conspicuous than that for investigations to be successful, there must be some guiding thread, some link of union, which in reality reduces them to one investigation. Newton, for instance, treads with firm steps in his “*Principia*,” guided throughout by the one principle of gravitation, a fluent force operating in conformity to the method of fluxions. But how different is it in his “*Optics*” ! What a tangled maze, again, was the animal kingdom before Darwin ! Or what a mere lumber-room was chemistry before Dalton ! What of molecular physics even to-day ! Wherever there is not a single principle bringing researches into unity, either research stops short, baffled by multiplicity, or investigators are split into parties determined by their own individuality, by their antecedents, by their nationality, and the school to which they belong. There is also between religion and most other subjects a further difference which gives individualism fuller play. It is that science is as a whole made up of short interrupted runs or “*fyttes*” of reasoning, each of which is presently brought to book by a direct verification. A chemical theorist, for example, calculates out what, according to his hypothesis, ought to be the boiling point or refracting power of naphthalene, or anthracene, or some other organic product. He then tries it, and determines by actual experiment how the facts lie. There is not time enough for personality to assert itself. But in religion the process of direct verification is impossible ; for we cannot enter the world of spirits and see what is there. And not only does religion in these two ways allow far more ample opportunity for the entrance of illegitimate private and personal influences into our judgments, but it is a subject into which, from its intrinsic nature, they are far more inclined to enter. It penetrates the whole being.

En revanche, the whole being penetrates it. A man's religion is in every part of it instinct with himself. Is he an artist? Then it has an artistic tone. Is he an abstract speculator? Then it has a speculative build. Does he set up for being a patriotic Englishman, vehement for our nationalism, and impatient of any foreign potentate levying tolls or tithes within the Queen's dominions? The likelihood is that his religion will be an echo of himself. So it is in other cases. There are innumerable individualising influences which have been long in active operation, long before the age of real judgment has been reached. When a Protestant says, "I believe in such and such a doctrine because I find it taught in such and such places of my Bible," one quite naturally, on account of these influences, asks whether that is the real reason or only a sort of pat phrase he has been taught to employ. For he cannot but be well aware that his texts are equally accessible to others—to Unitarians, for example, who do not believe in Our Lord's Divinity—so that the determining influence was not the texts, but the select attention he was taught to give to certain texts, or the marginal references which had been contrived by co-religionists for his use, or old associations which had hardened into prejudice. He must well know that the motives which practically in the vast majority of cases decide between belief and unbelief or between one particular form of belief and another, are such as to have been brought up in some particular "Church" or religious communion, to have had a good father and mother and a quiet and religious home, to have lighted on some particular book, or friend, or preacher perhaps, or circle of acquaintances. And yet, what does it matter to the evidences of Christianity where or how he was brought up? Of what text will it alter the interpretation? So that the plea, "I believe this or that because I was brought up in such and such a way," is essentially a nonsensical plea on the Protestant hypothesis. And to handicap the minds of children, from the earliest age at which the process can be commenced, with hymns

and the music of hymns, pictures, stories, prayers, catechisms, books, sermons, selected companions, father's and mother's precept and conversation and example, and then to drill them to say, "I arrived at these conclusions by my personal acumen," is to train them to dishonesty. To justify such a way of speaking, it would be requisite, as a matter of course, that children should be brought up in ignorance of all religion. The nature of human life, however, makes this experiment impossible. Even if it could be performed, the difficulty would not, it is true, be in the least solved. Personal influences would still insinuate themselves. Intellectual, moral, and ethical character would be formed on the specifying and individualising lines which distinguish one man from another, so that when religious doctrines came to be proposed, they would be accepted or rejected according to the whole system of forces which had grown up within the individual. But the experiment could not be carried out. A youth subjected to it would have to be given to understand that religion was omitted because it was not worth hearing about, or because it dealt with a sphere of thought so momentous that it must be left till his faculties were more mature; and in the first case he would be prejudiced against it, while in the second—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*—he would be prejudiced in its favour.

We thus seem to be in a sort of blind alley. But there is another and a better way. Private judgment, we have seen, is not a method, for the very reason that it is private: its very "privateness," the aggregate of individualising peculiarities with which any given example of it is stuffed and compacted, renders it incompetent to guide to any common truth. What remains, then? Evidently, the other alternative, that of the common or public judgment, with which the discipline of modern life has abundantly familiarised everyone. If I am left to my own private judgment, my own individuality is supreme for me. But so is everyone else's individuality supreme for him; and, as a result, there is anarchy; or if to escape this,

we make some one individuality supreme over all the others, there is tyranny. To find a happy mean which avoids both these extremes, we therefore take the only reasonable course of fusing, as it were, the whole multitude of *private* judgments together, and thus reach a *public* judgment, which gives a net result in which the idiosyncrasies of one private judgment are met and neutralised by the opposite idiosyncrasies of others. And this is the method of the Catholic Church. No one's private judgment is supreme in it; but the judgment that is supreme is the aggregate of all the judgments, expressed in the general teaching diffused through the society, in the decisions of a Council of its Bishops, or in the decrees of the Roman Pontiff. There is nothing novel or extraordinary in this principle. It is the principle by which we ourselves make our laws, the minority, to avoid the eccentricities of private judgment, agreeing to be bound by the majority, and both agreeing to be bound by the general constitution of the State; it is the principle which must necessarily obtain in any collective body that is to hold together; and therefore we find it exemplified not only in State legislation, but also in the bye-laws and other regulations of subordinate associations. In a word, not private judgment, but public judgment, is the rule of the Church and the world alike. If anyone wants his judgment to prevail, he must turn his minority of one into a majority. He must agitate, till the question comes to a decision. And if, when it does come to a decision, he finds himself in a minority still, he must either submit to the law enacted, or, if he declines to submit, he must expatriate himself, or must, in the nature of things, expect to be treated as a rebel. All this, whether there is question of the Church, of the commonwealth of England, of a joint stock company, or of any other association or society, is level to the meanest comprehension.—Further, neither our own nor any other nation allows aliens to take part in its deliberations. We should not permit a body of Hungarians or

Russians to vote in our Parliament; we would permit persons of Hungarian or of Russian descent to do so only if by residence in this country or in other ways determined by the law there were legitimate security for believing that they had become impenetrated with English traditions and were now practically one with ourselves. The Catholic Church, being a society, takes analogous precautions; and "Dr. Cumming, of Scotland," was not permitted to sit in the Vatican Council. As the great society or commonwealth of England—or of Spain, or any other country—has gone on from century to century, absorbing aliens who have taken refuge under its flag, and gradually fusing their descendants with its indigenous population, so has the Catholic Church gone on from century to century; while as by rebellion particular persons or even countries have been severed from the States to which they originally belonged, so religious communities have split off or have been severed from the Catholic Church. And as nations or civil societies can be traced back to their origins, so can this great religious society be traced back to its origin, the mission of Jesus Christ, Who founded it.

Such comparisons as these give the best general and introductory idea of Catholicism as contrasted with Protestantism. They also make evident what is and must be the formal or determining principle of a Catholic doctrine, which is, that the doctrine is taught by the Church. And there is in this principle this superiority, that it is not a merely external principle. If I surrender myself to the Bible, I surrender myself to what is quite outside myself; and to a book, which cannot answer my ulterior questions, but only (as Plato very properly said about books) repeats the same thing again and again, whatever inquiries I make of it. But I am not outside the Church. I am only one, and I do not expect to count for more than one; but I am part of it. The more perfectly I am identified with my fellow-believers, the more perfectly is its

teaching my teaching, which has grown up in me as it has in them, and is not a mere external thing to me.

Ask a Catholic, then, why he believes in Our Lord's Divinity, and he will reply, in substance, that he sucked it in with his mother's milk. He will make no catch-penny pretences to have arrived at it by his personal acumen; and few people, I suppose, will be found who are so obstinate as to deny that his reply is at least more open and candid than the other. More than this, his way of learning religion is the way in which, as a simple every-day matter of fact, people do, practically, and with comparatively rare exceptions, learn and assimilate their religion under the actual system of Divine Providence. We may, if we elect to do so, rebel against that system; we may in effect (though not, of course, in so many words) say that we are wiser than God, Who instituted it as the general rule of the world; but, rebellious or not, we have to live under it. And it is of enormous logical advantage to Catholicism that this is also its own naturally arising and internally evolved system—the method alone conformable to the nature of a society, and the method which conformably to its essential principles it employs. Religious principles may become torpid by mere loss of freshness; they may grow feeble by disuse; confusion may be introduced among them by subsequent perplexity and inability to master the problem of the world; they may be crowded out by pressure of worldly affairs; or, as more commonly happens, several of these causes may combine, so that when the decay of religion in himself is referred by a slack Christian to any one of them alone (and he is sure to choose the cause least unflattering to himself), the likelihood is that he blunders. But the above is the way in which they decline. And they so decline, not because any human being has channelled a course for them, but because of the great leading facts of human existence.

So potent and so evident is the empire of these great providential principles, that there is no religious denomination in the

world, whatever be the speculative and theoretical opinions of its members, which does not do its very best according to its lights to enlist in its favour all the good influences that can be brought by it to bear on infancy, childhood, and youth. Only the Catholic Church, it is true, can do this consistently with its principles. But in other denominations good sense and instinctive Christian feeling master stupid theories.

Further, as a Protestant may be asked, "How do you know that you have gathered from such and such a text of the Bible the real meaning of that text"? so may a Catholic be asked, "How do you know that what you thought your mother and your parish priest meant was what they really intended"? The question addressed to the Protestant will run into a number of others, such as, "Do you know Greek"? "Do you know Hebrew?" "Have you examined into the manuscript readings?" "Have you weighed what German and other foreign commentators have to say?" "If you have not, what claim have you to be listened to?" "If you have, how happens it that men who are your equals or superiors in learning disagree with you?" The difficulties thus arising, on a multitude of doctrines which have to be taken one after the other, are simply interminable. But as to the parallel question asked of the Catholic, none of these difficulties emerge. He had not to learn his religion out of a book, but enjoyed the superior advantages of personal tuition. Both may be asked a further question. We may inquire of the Protestant, "Suppose you have rightly interpreted your text, how does it bear on the general meaning of the Bible"? To interpret rightly even a "text" may require much reading and learning. Nevertheless, the method of hunting up a "text" and ruling everything else by it, is obviously an unsound method. The "texts" are no more than points which are more than usually luminous; to obtain the net result, they have all to be collated, and anyone can see how easy it must be to omit or lose the point of some passage at first sight irrelevant,

but in reality supplying a pertinent factor in the solution of the question. Nay, more ; Holy Scripture is interpreted not only by Scripture, but by every other work which proceeds from the same Divine Author ; so that the final proof of a doctrine emerges only when we take into account, not merely a given text, and not merely the bearing of Holy Scripture as a whole on that text, but the whole system of Providence both antecedent and subsequent to Holy Scripture.

Similarly it may be inquired of the Catholic, "How do you know that the teaching of your childhood as to the deity of the Messiah accorded with that of the general society which you say you follow" ? And his answer is prompt and obvious. When he was a little child, the authority of his mother, of the parish priest, of the little congregation in which he was reared, and of the others who worked with them, was as much as his intelligence was capable of realising. But as he grows older, he learns more and more copiously that they had adopted or inherited the doctrine of Our Lord's Divinity, as they had other doctrines, from a very much larger congregation—the Catholic Church, a society of human beings bound together into one body for the maintenance of the doctrine of Our Lord's divinity and other doctrines, and of institutions connected with them. But this larger congregation is only, on a larger scale, the little country congregation which is one of his first remembrances. In both, the principle, the method, is precisely the same ; the difference is only that its application is expanded and extended. Instead of one single parish congregation, there are millions of such congregations ; but these are united together by teaching and Sacraments, and by intercourse as between co-religionists, not only personally when occasion serves, but through the circulation of Catholic books, newspapers, pastoral letters, encyclicals, and in innumerable other ways. The parish congregation could perhaps maintain only a single priest ; to the larger congregation there are hundreds of thousands of priests. As

their centres, these have a smaller number of Bishops ; the Bishops are grouped together into provinces, under Archbishops ; and in the Pope there is a common director of the Bishops, who is, as it were, the parish priest of the whole vast parish ; so that the whole society is bound together into one. Something which his mother taught him may have been a fad ; but he learns to discount it as he grows older, and his error, as long as he was held by it, was innocent and blameless. And here I would make two remarks. One is that, within certain limits, the principle of falling in with the teaching of the Church narrows all controversies to one controversy. It supplies a guiding thread, without which, in multiplex investigations, the human intelligence cannot work ; it does away with that distraction of the mind among disparate subjects which is fatal to steady thought. The other is that, from the nature of the Catholic system, the authority of a Catholic clergyman, as an individual, over his congregation, is very much less than that of, for instance, a dissenting minister over his. The dissenting minister is, especially with respect to the poorer and more ignorant, a little God to those who sit under him. By his public gifts or his private influence, he can lead them almost whithersoever he will, and can teach them almost whatever he chooses. In fact, everyone knows of congregations, not in holes and corners of the earth, but in towns, and even in London itself, blindly led by their ministers, as the congregation of the late Dr. Cumming, that of Dr. Parker, or that of Mr. Spurgeon. Of course, a sort of face is put on such things, by saying that the minister is a "divine man," or something of that sort. A Catholic priest cannot copy him there. He must stick to the doctrines of his Church ; whatever he adds may be discounted ; and if by chance he even seems to diverge a hair-breadth from them, he will soon find himself freely, properly, and even severely criticised. Someone will send a report to his Bishop ; and should he endeavour to emulate the position of a Nonconformist

minister, he will discover, probably, not much to his surprise, that he is becoming an object of suspicion; and that, though his Bishop may be thoughtful and kind, and his congregation may judge him charitably, the consideration which he received was given not to himself personally, but to the society, the Catholic Church, to which, and not to him, every sound Catholic acknowledged his or her allegiance to be due.

Such are the lines on which Catholicism and Protestantism respectively proceed in the determination of doctrines; so that while Protestants are logically bound to give adequate reason for holding (1) that proof by the Bible is veritable proof, and (2) that it is the only description of proof admissible, in the case of revealed dogmas, Catholics are equally bound to give adequate reason for the use made by them of the authority of the Church. The Catholic reply is that Our Lord had from God a special commission to teach and to act, in consequence of which it was impossible that He should either deceive or be deceived;* that the means which He employed for the propagation and perpetuation of His teaching and the maintenance of His religious institutions was to establish a society; and that with that society the Catholic or Roman Catholic Church is identical by historical continuity.† Of these three propositions of which this reply is composed, the last cannot but be assented to if its meaning is understood. That which chiefly deserves care

* It is unnecessary to prove the Divinity of Our Lord in order to establish the authoritativeness of His doctrine and the validity of His acts. It is sufficient to show that He was invested with a special divine commission.

† Non-Catholics, prevented, perhaps, from realising the various steps in the Catholic argument by its being to them novel and unfamiliar, occasionally argue as if *identity in doctrine* were meant by this. In that case the Catholic position would of course involve a vicious circle. It would be equivalent to "This doctrine is taught by the Church, therefore it is part of the religion founded by Christ, for what the Church teaches cannot but belong to that religion"; and "This doctrine is part of the religion founded by Christ, and the Church teaches this doctrine, therefore what the Church teaches belongs to that religion." The meaning is, naturally: historical identity as a society or body of men such as the Royal Society or the Académie Française. The identity in doctrine (development apart), is not the meaning of the proposition, but a corollary which, once it is admitted that the Church is the sole divinely authorised expositor of Christ's doctrine, necessarily follows from it.

and attention is the first ; for the second is nearly as obvious as the third, and almost all that is required in its regard is to clear out of the way the opposite Protestant position, that the divinely sanctioned means of ascertaining what doctrines are really Christian doctrines is to examine whether they are contained in Holy Scripture.

But we may put this point in another way. That the means taken by Our Lord for the continuance of His religion was the foundation of a society, is, if we look into the matter closely, a condition precedent to the recognition of His wisdom as a teacher.

Any other course would have been contrary to His own scheme of Providence, fixed by the Divine Word from the beginning ; for the only way in which any body of institutions or of teaching can be maintained, is, on account of the physical arrangements of the world and the constitution of human nature, their maintenance by a society. We see this everywhere. We have law societies, medical associations, peace societies, arbitration societies, learned societies, benevolent societies, antivaccinist and antivivisectionist societies, trades unions, nations, which are nothing but great societies, and Wesleyans, Presbyterians, and other religious societies or religious bodies. Wherever any considerable body of men wake up to the conviction that they have a common interest to guard, a common project to execute, a common idea to disseminate, they at once, if they are practical persons, unite into a society for that purpose. Wherever a single individual devotes himself to the propagation of a scheme, a view, a doctrine, he endeavours, if he is a practical man, to gather around him others who are like-minded, and to found a society. He himself, he knows, is transient ; in a few years he will be dead and gone : but the society, he hopes, will outlast him as long as his idea continues to be useful to mankind ; and, though individuals come and go, and are born and die, will be permanent by the continual and

insensible renewal of its members. The more conscious he is of the value of his thought, the more he is aware that he cannot himself fully develop it. It ought to spread, suppose, to distant nations and to future times ; but if he communicated it to his personal associates and disciples in the precise form which it ought afterwards to assume, that form may be unsuited to them, differently situated as they are ; the attempt to develop it for the future would put it in a shape unsuitable for the present, or the attempt to develop it for the present would put it in a shape unsuitable for the future. A competent man, moreover, is aware that to be in the best position for moving the world, all the means by which the world is moved ought to be set going. The limitations of human nature prevent him from doing all himself. If he were a mere recluse, he might try to put his thought into a book ; if he were a sculptor, he might carve a statue ; if an orator, he would hold a meeting ; if a musician, he might seek to embody it in an air. But he desires all these things, and more, to be done, and therefore he founds a society. Members of his association, he hopes, will write books suited for the time, and pamphlets, and letters, and fly-sheets ; and compose ballads, and settle on watchwords, and hold meetings, and privately confer with each other, and arrange commemorations, and set up monuments and inscriptions, and have paintings executed, and sculptures carved ; and will do a thousand other things besides as opportunity may serve. He founds a society, therefore. So that the whole world is covered with a network of societies ; and business has its joint stock companies, commerce its chambers, sportsmen, as well as politicians, their clubs, philosophers their schools, and science its associations. In this it follows the inevitable law of nature ; and a religion proceeding from the Author of nature must do the same thing.

What, then, is the real position of Holy Scripture ? What is its office in establishing Our Lord's divine mission ? How do

the respective attitudes of Catholicism and of Protestantism in this regard affect their respective power of using it to establish this? The discussion of these topics I must reserve for the next chapter.

X. Y. Z.

(To be continued.)

The Ghost at The Rath.

ANY may disbelieve this story, yet there are some still living who can remember hearing, when children, of the events which it details, and of the strange sensation which their publicity excited. The tale, in its present form, is copied, by permission, from a memoir written by the chief actor in the romance, and preserved as a sort of heirloom in the family whom it concerns.

In the year —, I, Miles Thunder, Captain in the — Regiment, having passed many years abroad following my profession, received most unexpected notice that I had become owner of certain properties which I had never thought to inherit. I set off for my native land, arrived in Dublin, found that my good fortune was real, and at once began to look about me for my old friends. The first I met with, quite by accident, was curly-headed Frank O'Brien, who had been at school with me, though I was ten years his senior. He was curly-headed still, and handsome, as he had promised to be, but careworn and poor. During an evening spent at his chambers, I drew all his history from him. He was a briefless barrister. As a man he was not more talented than he had been as a boy. Hard work and anxiety had not brought him success, only broken his health and soured his mind. He was in love and he could not marry. I soon knew all about Mary Leonard, his *fiancée*, whom he had met at a house in the country somewhere, in which she was governess. They had now been engaged for two years—she active and hopeful, he sick and

despondent. From the letters of hers which he showed me, I believed she was a treasure, worth all the devotion he felt for her. I thought a good deal about what could be done for Frank, but I could not easily hit upon a plan to assist him. For ten chances you have of helping a smart man, you have not two for a dull one.

In the meantime my friend must regain his health, and a change of air and scene was necessary. I urged him to make a voyage of discovery to The Rath, an old house and park which had come into my possession as portion of my recently acquired estates. I had never been to the place myself; but it had once been the residence of Sir Luke Thunder, of generous memory, and I knew that it was furnished, and provided with a caretaker. I pressed him to leave Dublin at once, and promised to follow him as soon as I found it possible to do so.

So Frank went down to The Rath. The place was two hundred miles away; he was a stranger there, and far from well. When the first week came to an end, and I had heard nothing from him, I did not like the silence; when a fortnight had passed, and still not a word to say he was alive, I felt decidedly uncomfortable; and when the third week of his absence arrived at Saturday without bringing the news, I found myself whizzing through a part of the country I had never travelled before, in the same train in which I had seen Frank seated at our parting.

I reached D——, and, shouldering my knapsack, walked right into the heart of a lovely wooded country. Following the directions I had received, I made my way to a lonely road, on which I met not a soul, and which seemed cut out of the heart of a forest, so closely were the trees ranked on either side and so dense was the twilight made by the meeting and intertwining of the thick branches overhead. In these shades I came upon a gate, like a gate run to seed, with tall, thin, brick pillars, brandishing long grasses from their heads, and spotted with a melancholy crust of creeping moss. I breathed freely on hear-

ing that my friend was well and to be seen. I presented a letter to the old man, having a fancy not to avow myself.

I found my friend walking up and down the valley of a neglected orchard, with the lichened branches tangled above his head, and ripe apples rotting about his feet. His hands were locked behind his back, and his head was set on one side, listening to the singing of a bird. I never had seen him look so well; yet there was a vacancy about his whole air which I did not like. He did not seem at all surprised to see me, asked had he really not written to me, thought he had; was so comfortable that he had forgotten everything else. He thought he had only been there about three days; could not imagine how the time had passed. He seemed to talk wildly, and this, coupled with the unusual happy placidity of his manner, confounded me. The place knew him, he told me confidentially; the place belonged to him, or should; the birds sang him this; the very trees bent before him as he passed; the air whispered him that he had been long expected, and should be poor no more. Wrestling with my judgment ere it should pronounce him mad, I followed him indoors. The Rath was no ordinary old country house. The acres around it were so wildly overgrown that it was hard to decide which had been pleasure ground and where thickets had begun. The plan of the house was grand, with mullioned windows, and here and there a fleck of stained glass flinging back the challenge of an angry sunset. The vast rooms were full of a dusky glare from the sky as I strolled through them in the twilight. The antique furniture had many a blood-red splash on the notches of its dark carvings; the dusty mirrors flared back at the windows, while the faded curtains produced streaks of uncertain colour from the depths of their sullen foldings.

Dinner was laid for us in the library, a long, wainscoted room, with an enormous fire roaring up the chimney, sending a flickering, dancing light over the dingy titles of long unopened books.

The old man who had unlocked the gate for me served us at table, and after drawing the dusty curtains and then furnishing us with a plentiful supply of fuel and wine, left us. His clanking, hobnailed shoes went echoing away in the distance over the unmatted tiles of the vacant hall till a door closed with a resounding clang very far away, letting us know that we were shut up together for the night in this vast, mouldy, oppressive old house.

I felt as if I could scarcely breathe in it. I could not eat with my usual good appetite. The air of the place seemed heavy and tainted. I grew sick and restless. The very wine tasted badly, as if it had been drugged. I had a strange sort of feeling that I had been in the house before, and that something evil had happened to me in it. Yet such could not be the case. What puzzled me most was that I should feel dissatisfied at seeing Frank looking so well and eating so heartily. A little while before I should have been glad to suffer something to see him as he looked now, and yet not quite as he looked now. There was a drowsy contentment about him I could not understand. He did not talk of his work, or of any wish to return to it. He seemed to have no thought of anything but the delight of hanging about that old house, which had certainly cast a spell over him.

About midnight he seized a light and proposed retiring to our rooms. "I have had such delightful dreams in this place," he said. He volunteered, as we issued into the hall, to take me upstairs and show me the upper regions of his paradise. I said, "Not to-night." I felt a strange, creeping sensation as I looked up the black staircase, wide enough for a coach to drive down, and at the heavy darkness bending over it like a curse, while our lamps made drips of light down the first two or three gloomy steps. Our bedrooms were on the ground floor, and stood opposite one another, off a passage which led to a garden. Into mine Frank conducted me, and left me for his own.

The uneasy feeling which I have described did not go from me with him, and I felt a restlessness amounting to pain when left alone in my chamber. Efforts had evidently been made to render the room habitable, but there was something antagonistic to sleep in every angle of its many crooked corners. I kicked chairs out of their prim order along the wall, and banged things about here and there; finally, thinking that a good night's rest was the best cure for an inexplicably disturbed frame of mind, I undressed as quickly as possible and laid my head on my pillow under a canopy like the wings of a gigantic bird of prey wheeling above me, ready to pounce.

But I could not sleep. The wind grumbled in the chimney and the boughs swished in the garden outside; and between these noises I thought I heard sounds coming from the interior of the old house, where all should have been as still as the dead down in their vaults. I could not make out what these sounds were. Sometimes I thought I heard feet running about, sometimes I could have sworn there were double knocks, tremendous tantaruras at the great hall door. Sometimes I heard the clashing of dishes, the echo of voices calling, and the dragging about of furniture. Whilst I sat up in bed trying to account for these noises, my door suddenly flew open, a bright light streamed in from the passage without, and a powdered servant in elaborate livery of an antique pattern stood holding the handle of the door in his hand, and bowing low to me in the bed.

"Her Ladyship, my mistress, desires your presence in the drawing-room, Sir."

This was announced in the measured tone of a well-trained domestic. Then with another bow he retired, the door closed, and I was left in the dark to determine whether I had not suddenly awakened from a tantalising dream. In spite of my very wakeful sensations, I believe I should have endeavoured to convince myself that I had been sleeping, but that I perceived light shining under my door, and through the keyhole, from the

passage. I got up, lit my lamp, and dressed myself as hastily as I was able.

I opened the door, and the passage down which a short time before I had almost groped my way, with my lamp blinking in the dense, foggy darkness, was now illuminated with a light as bright as gas. I walked along it quickly, looking right and left to see whence the glare proceeded. Arriving at the hall, I found it also blazing with light and filled with perfume. Groups of choice plants, heavy with blossoms, made it look like a garden. The mosaic floor was strewn with costly mats. Soft colours and gilding shone from the walls, and canvas that had been black gave forth faces of men and women looking brightly from their burnished frames. Servants were running about, the dining-room and drawing-room doors were opening and shutting, and as I looked through each, I saw vistas of light and colour, the moving of brilliant crowds, the waving of feathers, and the glancing of brilliant dresses and uniforms. A festive hum reached me, with a drowsy, subdued sound, as if I were listening with stuffed ears. Standing aside by an orange tree, I gave up speculating upon what this might be, and concentrated all my powers on observation.

Wheels were heard suddenly, and a resounding knock banged at the door till it seemed that the very rooks in the chimneys must be startled screaming out of their nests. The door flew open, a flaming of lanterns was seen outside, and a dazzling lady came up the steps and swept into the hall. When she held up her cloth of silver train I could see the diamonds that twinkled on her feet. Her bosom was covered with moss roses, and there was a red light in her eyes like the reflection from a hundred glowing fires. Her black hair went coiling about her head, and couched among the braids was a jewel not unlike the head of a snake. She was flashing and glowing with gems and flowers. Her beauty and her brilliancy made me dizzy. There came a faintness in the air, as if her breath had poisoned it. A whirl of

storm came in with her, and rushed up the staircase like a moan. The plants shuddered and shed their blossoms, and the lights grew dim a moment, then flared up again.

Now the drawing-room door opened, and a gentleman came out with a young girl leaning on his arm. He was a fine looking, middle-aged gentleman, with a mild countenance.

The girl was a slender creature, with golden hair and a pale face. She was dressed in pure white with a large ruby like a drop of blood at her throat. They advanced together to receive the lady who had arrived. The gentleman offered his arm to the stranger, and the girl who was displaced for her fell back and walked behind with a downcast air. I felt irresistibly impelled to follow them, and passed with them into the drawing-room. Never had I mixed with a finer, gayer crowd. The costumes were rich, and of an old-fashioned pattern. Dancing was going forward with spirit—minuets and country dances. The stately gentleman was evidently the host, and moved among the company, introducing the magnificent lady right and left. He led her to the head of the room presently, and they mixed in the dance. The arrogance of her manner and the fascination of her beauty were wonderful.

I cannot attempt to describe the strange manner in which I was in this company and yet not of it. I seemed to view all I beheld through some fine and subtle medium. I saw clearly, yet I felt that it was not with my ordinary, naked eyesight. I can compare it to nothing but looking at a scene through a piece of smoked or coloured glass. And just in the same way, as I said before, all sounds seemed to reach me as if I were listening with ears imperfectly stuffed. No one present took any notice of me. I spoke to several, but they made no reply—did not even turn their eyes upon me, nor show in any way that they heard me. I planted myself straight in the way of a fine fellow in a general's uniform, but he, swerving neither to right nor left by an inch, kept on his way, as though I were a

streak of mist, and left me behind him. Everyone I touched eluded me somehow. Substantial as they all looked, I could not contrive to lay my hand on anything that felt like solid flesh. Two or three times I felt a momentary relief from the oppressive sensations which distracted me, when I firmly believed I saw Frank's head at some distance among the crowd, now in one room, now in another, and again in the conservatory, which was hung with lamps, and filled with people walking about among the flowers. But whenever I approached he had vanished. At last I came upon him sitting by himself on a couch behind a curtain watching the dancers. I laid my hand upon his shoulder. Here was something substantial at last. He did not look up; he seemed aware neither of my touch nor of my speech. I looked in his staring eyes and found that he was sound asleep. I could not wake him.

Curiosity would not let me remain by his side. I again mixed with the crowd, and found the stately host still leading about the magnificent lady. No one seemed to notice that the golden-haired girl was sitting weeping in a corner—no one but the beauty in the silver train, who sometimes glanced at her contemptuously. Whilst I watched her distress a group came between me and her, and I wandered into another room, where, as though I had turned from one picture of her to look at another, I beheld her dancing gaily in the full glee of Sir Roger de Coverley, with a fine-looking youth, who was more plainly dressed than any other person in the room. Never was a better-matched pair to look at. Down the middle they danced, hand-in-hand, his face full of tenderness, hers beaming with joy, right and left bowing and courtesying, parting and meeting again smiling and whispering; but over the heads of smaller women there were the fierce eyes of the magnificent beauty scowling at them. Then again the crowd shifted around me, and this scene was lost.

For some time I could see no trace of the golden-haired girl

in any of the rooms. I looked for her in vain, till at last I caught a glimpse of her standing smiling in a doorway with her finger lifted, beckoning. At whom? Could it be at me? Her eyes were fixed on mine. I hastened into the hall, and caught sight of her white dress passing up the wide, black staircase from which I had shrunk some hours earlier. I followed her, she keeping some steps in advance. It was intensely dark; but by the gleaming of her gown I was able to trace her flying figure. Where we went I knew not, up how many stairs, down how many passages, till we arrived at a low-roofed, large room, with sloping roof and queer windows, where there was a dim light, like the sanctuary light in a deserted church. Here, when I entered, the golden head was glimmering over something which I presently discerned to be a cradle wrapped round with white curtains, and with a few fresh flowers fastened up on the hood of it, as if to catch a baby's eye. The fair, sweet face looked up at me with a glow of pride on it, smiling with happy dimples. The white hands unfolded the curtains and stripped back the coverlet. Then suddenly there went a rushing moan all round the weird room, that seemed like a gust of wind forcing in through the crannies, and shaking the jingling old windows in their sockets. The cradle was an empty one. The girl fell back with a look of horror on her pale face that I shall never forget; then, flinging her arms above her head, she dashed from the room.

I followed her as fast as I was able, but the wild white figure was too swift for me. I had lost her before I reached the bottom of the staircase. I searched for her first in one room, then in another; neither could I see her foe (as I already believed to be), the lady of the silver train. At length I found myself in a small ante-room where a lamp was expiring on the table. A window was open; close by the golden-haired girl was lying sobbing in a chair, while the magnificent lady was bending over her, as if soothingly, offering her something to

drink in a goblet. The moon was rising behind the two figures. The shuddering light of the lamp was flickering over the girl's bright head, the rich embossing of the golden cup, the lady's silver robes, and, I thought, the jewelled eyes of the serpent looked out from her bending head. As I watched, the girl raised her face and drank, then suddenly dashed the goblet away, while a cry such as I never heard but once, and shiver to remember, rose to the very roof of the old house, and the clear, sharp word, "Poisoned !" rang and reverberated from hall and chamber in a thousand echoes, like the clash of a peal of bells. The girl dashed herself from the open window, leaving the cry clamouring behind her. I heard the violent opening of doors and running of feet ; but I waited for nothing more. Mad-dened by what I had witnessed, I would have felled the murderess ; but she glided unhurt from under my vain blow. I sprang from the window after the wretched white figure. I saw it flying on before me with a speed I could not overtake. I ran till I was dizzy. I called like a madman, and heard the owls croaking back to me. The moon grew huge and bright ; the trees thrust themselves out before it like the bushy heads of giants ; the river lay keen and shining like a long, unsheathed sword, couching for deadly work among the rushes. The white figure shimmered and vanished, glittered brightly on before me, shimmered and vanished again, shimmered, staggered, fell, and disappeared in the river. Of what she was, phantom or reality, I thought not at the moment ; she had the semblance of a human being going to destruction, and I had the frenzied impulse to save her. I rushed forward with one last effort, struck my foot against the root of a tree, and was dashed to the ground. I remember a crash, momentary pain and confusion ; then nothing more.

When my senses returned the red clouds of the dawn were shining in the river beside me. I arose to my feet, and found that, though much bruised, I was otherwise unhurt. I busied

my mind in recalling the strange circumstances which brought me to that place in the dead of the night. The recollection of all I had witnessed was vividly present to my mind. I took my way slowly to the house, almost expecting to see the marks of wheels and other indications of last night's revel, but the rank grass that covered the gravel was uncrushed, not a blade disturbed, not a stone displaced. I shook one of the drawing-room windows till I shook off the old rusty hasp inside, flung up the creaking sash, and entered. Where were the brilliant draperies and carpets, the soft gilding, the vases teeming with flowers, the thousand sweet odours of the night before? Not a trace of them; no, nor even a ragged cobweb swept away, nor a stiff chair moved an inch from its melancholy place, nor the face of a mirror relieved from one speck of its obscuring dust!

Coming back into the open air, I met the old man from the gate walking up one of the weedy paths. He eyed me meaningly from head to foot, but I gave him good-morrow cheerfully.

"You see I am poking about early," I said.

"In faith, Sir," said he, "and you look like a man that had been poking about *all night*."

"How so?" said I.

"Why, you see, Sir," said he, "I'm used to it, and I can read it in your face like print. Some sees one thing and some another, and some only feels and hears. The poor gentleman inside, he says nothing but that he has beautiful dreams. And for the Lord's sake, Sir, take him out of this, for I've seen him wandering about like a ghost himself in the heart of the night, and him that sound sleeping that I couldn't wake him!"

* * * * *

At breakfast I said nothing to Frank of my strange adventures. He had rested well, he said, and boasted of his enchanting dreams. I asked him to describe them, when he grew perplexed and annoyed. He remembered nothing but that

his spirit had been entertained whilst his body reposed. I now felt a curiosity to go through the old house, and was not surprised, on pushing open a door at the end of a remote mouldy passage, to enter the identical chamber into which I had followed the pale-faced girl when she beckoned me out of the drawing-room. There were the low brooding roof and slanting walls, the short, wide-latticed windows to which the noonday sun was trying to pierce through a forest of leaves. The hangings, rotting with age, shook like dreary banners at the opening of the door, and there in the middle of the room was the cradle; only the curtains that had been white were blackened with dirt and laced and overlaced with cobwebs. I parted the curtains, bringing down a shower of dust upon the floor, and saw lying upon the pillow, within, a child's tiny shoe and a toy. I need not describe the rest of the house. It was vast, and, as far as furniture and decorations were concerned, the wreck of grandeur.

Having a strange subject for meditation, I walked alone in the orchard that evening. This orchard sloped toward the river I have mentioned before. The trees were old and stunted, and the branches tangled overhead. The ripe apples were rotting in the long bleached grass. A row of taller trees, sycamores and chestnuts, straggled along by the river's edge, ferns and tall weeds grew round and among them and between their trunks, and behind the rifts in the foliage the water was seen to flow. Walking up and down one of the paths I alternately faced these and turned my back upon them. Once when coming toward them I chanced to lift my eyes, started, drew my hands across my eyes, looked again, and finally stood still gazing in much astonishment. I saw distinctly the figure of a lady standing by one of the trees, bending low toward the grass. Her face was a little turned away, her dress a bluish white, her mantle a dun brown colour. She held a spade in her hands and her foot was upon it, as if she was in the act of digging. I gazed at her for some time, vainly trying to guess who she might be, then I

advanced toward her. As I approached the outlines of her figure broke up and disappeared, and I found that she was only an illusion presented to me by the curious accidental grouping of the lines of two trees which had shaped the space between them into the semblance of the form I have described. A patch of the flowing water had been her robe, a piece of russet moorland her cloak. The spade was an awkward young shoot slanting up from the root of one of the trees. I stepped back and tried to piece her out again bit by bit, but could not succeed.

* * * * *

That night I did not feel at all inclined to return to my dismal chamber, and lie awaiting such another summons as I had once received. When Frank bade me good-night, I heaped fresh coals on the fire, took down from the shelves a book, from which I lifted the dust in layers with my penknife, and dragging an armchair close to the hearth, tried to make myself as comfortable as might be. I am a strong, robust man, very unimaginative, and little troubled with affections of the nerves ; but I confess that my feelings were not enviable, sitting thus alone in that queer old house, with last night's strange pantomime still vividly present to my memory. In spite of my efforts at coolness, I was excited by the prospect of what yet might be in store for me before morning. But these feelings passed away as the night wore on, and I nodded asleep over my book.

I was startled by the sound of a brisk, light step walking overhead. Wide awake at once, I sat up and listened. The ceiling was low, but I could not call to mind what room it was that lay above the library in which I sat. Presently I heard the same step upon the stairs, and the sharp rustling of a silk dress sweeping against the banisters. The step paused at the library door, and then there was silence. I got up, and with all the courage I could summon seized a light and opened the door ; but there was nothing in the hall but the usual heavy darkness,

and damp, mouldy air. I confess I felt more uncomfortable at that moment than I had done at any time during the preceding night. All the visitors who had then appeared to me had produced nothing like the horror of thus feeling a supernatural presence which my eyes were not permitted to behold.

I returned to the library and passed the night there. Next day I sought for the room above it in which I had heard the footsteps, but could discover no entrance to any such room. Its windows, indeed, I counted from the outside, though they were so overgrown with ivy I could hardly discern them; but in the interior of the house I could find no door to the chamber. I asked Frank about it, but he knew and cared nothing on the subject; I asked the old man at the lodge, and he shook his head.

"Och!" he said, "don't ask about that room. The door's built up, and flesh and blood have no concern with it. It was her own room."

"Whose own?" I asked.

"Old Lady Thunder's. And whisht, Sir, that's her grave."

"What do you mean?" I said. "Are you out of your senses?"

He laughed queerly, drew nearer, and lowered his voice. "Nobody has asked about the room these years but yourself," he said. "Nobody misses it going over the house. My grandfather was an old retainer of the Thunder family, my father was in the service, too, and I was born myself before the old lady died. That was her room, and she left her eternal curse on her family if so be they didn't leave her coffin there. She wasn't going under the ground to the worms. So there it was left, and they built up the door. God love you, Sir, and don't go near it. I wouldn't have told you, only I know you've seen plenty about already, and you have the look of one that would be ferreting things out, saving your presence."

He looked at me knowingly; but I gave him no information,

only thanked him for putting me on my guard. I could scarcely credit what he told me about the room ; but my curiosity was excited regarding it. I made up my mind that day to try to induce Frank to quit the place on the morrow. I felt more and more convinced that the atmosphere was not healthful for his mind, whatever it might be for his body. The sooner we left the spot, I thought, the better for us both ; but the remaining night which I had to pass there I resolved on devoting to the exploring of the walled-up chamber. What impelled me to this resolve I do not know. The undertaking was not a pleasant one, and I should hardly have ventured on it had I been forced to remain much longer at The Rath. But I knew there was little chance of sleep for me in that house, and I thought I might better go and seek for my adventures than sit waiting for them to come for me, as I had done the night before. I felt a relish for my enterprise, and expected the night with satisfaction. I did not say anything of my intention either to Frank or the old man at the lodge. I did not want to make a fuss and have my doings talked all over the country. I may as well mention here that again, on this evening, when walking in the orchard, I saw the figure of a lady digging between the trees. And again I saw that this figure was an illusive appearance ; that the water was her gown, and the moorland her cloak, and a willow in the distance her tresses.

As soon as the night was pretty far advanced I placed a ladder against the window which was least covered over with the ivy, and mounted it, having provided myself with a dark lantern. The moon rose full behind some trees that stood like a black bank against the horizon, and glimmered on the panes as I ripped away branches and leaves with a knife, and shook the old crazy casement open. The sashes were rotten, and the fastenings easily gave way. I placed my lantern on a bench within, and was soon standing beside it in the chamber. The air was insufferably close and mouldy, and I flung the window open to

the widest, and beat the bowering ivy still further back from about it, so as to let the fresh air of Heaven blow into the place. I then took my lantern in hand and began to look around me.

The room was vast and double; a velvet curtain hung between me and an inner chamber. The darkness was thick and irksome, and the scanty light of my lantern only tantalised me. My eyes fell on some grand spectral-looking candelabra furnished with wax candles, which, though black with age, bore the marks of having been guttered by a draught that had blown on them fifty years ago. I lighted these; they burnt up with ghastly flickering, and the apartment with its fittings was revealed to me. These latter had been splendid in the days of their freshness; the appointments of the rest of the house were mean in comparison. The ceiling was painted with exquisite allegorical figures, also spaces of the walls between the dim mirrors and the sumptuous hangings of crimson velvet, with their tarnished golden tassels and fringes. The carpet still felt luxurious to the tread, and the dust could not altogether obliterate the elaborate fancy of its flowery design. There were gorgeous cabinets laden with curiosities, wonderfully carved chairs, rare vases, and antique glasses of every description, under some of which lay little heaps of dust, which had once, no doubt, been blooming flowers. There was a table laden with books of poetry and science, drawings and drawing materials, which showed that the occupant of the room had been a person of mind. There was also a writing-table scattered over with yellow papers, and a work-table at a window, on which lay reels, a thimble, and a piece of what had once been white muslin, but was now saffron colour, sewn with gold thread, a rusty needle sticking in it. This and the pen lying on the inkstand, the paper-knife between the leaves of a book, the loose sketches shaken out by the side of a portfolio, and the ashes of a fire on a grand mildewed hearth-place, all suggested that the owner of this retreat had been snatched from it without warning, and that

whoever had thought proper to build up the doors had also thought proper to touch nothing that had belonged to it.

Having surveyed all these things, I entered the inner room, which was a bedroom. The furniture of this was in keeping with that of the other chamber. I saw dimly a bed enveloped in lace, and a dressing-table fancifully decorated and draped. Here I espied more candelabra, and going forward to set the lights burning I stumbled against something. I turned the blaze of my lantern on this something, and started with a sudden thrill of horror. It was a large stone coffin.

I own that I felt very strangely for the next few minutes. When I had recovered the shock, I set the wax candles burning, and took a better survey of this old burial-place. A wardrobe stood open, and I saw dresses hanging within. A gown lay upon a chair, as if just thrown off, and a pair of dainty slippers were beside it. The toilet-table looked as if only used yesterday, judging by the litter that covered it; hair brushes lying this way and that way, essence bottles with the stoppers out, paint pots uncovered, a ring here, a wreath of artificial flowers there, and in front of all that coffin, the tarnished cupids that bore the mirror between their hands smirking down at it with a grim complacency.

On the corner of this table was a small golden salver, holding a plate of some black, mouldered food, an antique decanter filled with wine, a glass, and a phial with some thick black liquid, uncorked. I felt weak and sick with the atmosphere of the place, and I seized the decanter and wiped the dust from it with my handkerchief, tasted, found that the wine was good, and drank a moderate draught. Immediately after it was swallowed I felt a horrid giddiness, and sank upon the coffin. A raging pain was in my head, and a sense of suffocation in my chest. After a few intolerable moments I felt better, but the heavy air pressed on me stiflingly, and I rushed from this inner room into the larger and outer chamber. Here a blast of cool air revived me, and I saw that the place was changed.

A dozen other candelabra besides those I had lighted were flaming round the walls, the hearth was ruddy with a blazing fire, everything that had been dim was bright, the lustre had returned to the gilding, the flowers bloomed in the vases. A lady was sitting before the hearth in a low armchair. Her light, loose gown swept about her on the carpet, her black hair fell round her to her knees, and into it her arms were thrust as she leaned her forehead upon them and stared between them into the fire. I had scarcely time to observe her attitude when she turned her head quickly toward me, and I recognised the handsome face of the magnificent lady who had played such a sinister part in the strange scenes that had been enacted before me two nights ago. I saw something dark looming behind her chair; but I thought it was only her shadow thrown backward by the firelight.

She arose and came to me, and I recoiled from her. There was something horridly fixed and hollow in her gaze and filmy in the stirring of her garments. The shadow, as she moved, grew more firm and distinct in outline, and followed her like a servant wherever she went.

She crossed half of the room, then beckoned me, and sat down at the writing-table. The shadow waited beside her, adjusted her paper, placed the ink-bottle near her and the pen between her fingers. I felt impelled to approach near her, and to take my place at her left shoulder, so as to see what she might write. The shadow stood at her other hand. As I became more accustomed to the shadow's presence he grew more loathsome and hideous. He was quite distinct from the lady, and moved independently of her with long, ugly limbs. She hesitated about beginning to write, and he made a wild gesture with his arm, which brought her hand down quickly on the paper, and her pen began to move at once. I needed not to bend and scrutinise in order to read what was written. Every word as it was formed flashed before me like a meteor.

"I am the spirit of Madeleine, Lady Thunder, who lived and died in this house, and whose coffin stands in yonder room among the vanities in which I delighted. I am constrained to make my confession to you, Miles Thunder, who are the present owner of the estates of your family."

Here the pale hand trembled and stopped writing. But the shadow made a threatening gesture, and the hand fluttered on.

"I was beautiful, poor, and ambitious, and when I entered this house first, on the night of a ball given by Sir Luke Thunder, I determined to become its mistress. His daughter, Mary Thunder, was the only obstacle in my way. She divined my intention, and stood between me and her father. She was a gentle, delicate girl, and no match for me. I pushed her aside and became Lady Thunder. After that I hated her, and made her dread me. I had gained the object of my ambition, but I was jealous of the influence possessed by her over her father, and I revenged myself by crushing the joy out of her young life. In this I defeated my own purpose. She eloped with a young man who was devoted to her, though poor and beneath her in station. Her father was indignant at first and my malice was satisfied; but, as time passed on, I had no children, and she had a son, soon after whose birth her husband died. Then her father took her back to his heart, and the boy was his idol and heir."

Again the hand stopped writing, the ghostly head dropped, and the whole figure was convulsed. But the shadow gesticulated fiercely, and cowering under its menace the wretched spirit went on:

"I caused the child to be stolen away. I thought I had done it cunningly; but she tracked the crime home to me and accused me of it, and in the desperation or my terror at discovery I gave her poison to drink. She rushed from me and from the house in frenzy, and in her mortal anguish fell in the

river. People thought she had gone mad with grief for her child and committed suicide. I only knew the horrible truth. Sorrow brought an illness upon her father, of which he died. Up to the day of his death he had search made for the child. Believing that it was still alive and must be found, he willed all his property to it, his rightful heir, and to his heirs for ever. I buried the deeds under a tree in the orchard, and forged a will, in which all was bequeathed to me during my lifetime. I enjoyed my state of grandeur to the day of my death, which came upon me miserably, and after that my husband's possessions went to a distant relative of his family. Nothing more was heard of the fate of the child who was stolen ; but he lived and married, and his daughter now toils for her bread—his daughter, who is the rightful owner of all that is said to belong to you, Miles Thunder. I tell you this that you may devote yourself to the task of discovering this wronged girl, and giving up to her that which you are unlawfully possessed of. Under the thirteenth tree which is standing on the brink of the river at the foot of the orchard you will find buried the genuine will of Sir Luke Thunder. When you have found and read it, do justice, as you value your soul. In order that you may know the grandchild of Mary Thunder when you find her, you shall behold her in a vision——”

The last words grew dim before me ; the lights faded away and all the place was in darkness, except one spot on the opposite wall. On this spot the light glimmered softly, and against the brightness the outlines of a figure appeared, faintly at first, but growing firm and distinct, became filled in, and rounded at last to the perfect semblance of life. The figure was that of a young girl in a plain black dress, with a bright happy face, and pale gold hair softly banded on her fair forehead. She might have been a twin sister of the pale-faced girl whom I had seen bending over the cradle two nights ago, but her healthier, gladder, prettier sister. When I had gazed on her some

moments the vision faded away as it had come; the last vestige of the brightness died out upon the wall, and I found myself once more in total darkness. Stunned for a time by the sudden changes, I stood watching for the return of the lights and shadows; but in vain. By-and-by my eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity, and I saw the sky glimmering behind the little window which I had left open. I could soon discern the writing-table beside me, and possessed myself of the slips of loose paper which lay upon it. I then made my way to the window. The first streaks of dawn were in the sky as I descended my ladder, and I thanked God that I breathed the fresh morning air once more, and heard the cheering sound of the cocks crowing.

All thought of acting immediately upon last night's strange revelations, almost all memory of them was for the time banished from my mind by the unexpected trouble of the next few days. That morning I found an alarming change in Frank. Feeling sure that he was going to be ill, I engaged a lodging in a cottage in the neighbourhood, whither we removed before nightfall, leaving the accursed Rath behind us. Before midnight he was in the delirium of a raging fever.

I thought it right to let his poor little *fiancée* know his state, and wrote to her, trying to alarm her no more than was necessary. On the evening of the third day after my letter went, I was sitting by Frank's bedside, when an unusual bustle outside aroused my curiosity, and going into the cottage kitchen I saw a figure standing in the firelight which seemed a third appearance of that vision of the pale-faced, golden-haired girl which was now thoroughly imprinted on my memory—a third, with all the woe of the first and all the beauty of the second. But this was a living, breathing apparition. She was throwing off her bonnet and shawl, and stood there at home in her plain black dress. I drew my hand across my eyes to make sure that they did not deceive me. I had beheld so many supernatural visions

lately that it seemed as though I could scarcely believe in the reality of anything till I had touched it.

"Oh, Sir," said the visitor, "I am Mary Leonard ; and are you poor Frank's friend ? Oh, Sir, we are all the world to one another, and I could not let him die without coming to see him !"

And here the poor little traveller burst into tears. I cheered her as well as I could, telling her that Frank would soon, I trusted, be out of all danger. She told me that she had thrown up her situation in order to come and nurse him. I said we had got a more experienced nurse than she could be, and then I gave her to the care of our landlady, a motherly countrywoman. After that I went back to Frank's bedside, nor left it for long till he was convalescent. The fever had swept away all that strangeness in his manner which had afflicted me, and he was quite himself again.

There was a joyful meeting of the lovers. The more I saw of Mary Leonard's bright face the more thoroughly was I convinced that she was the living counterpart of the vision I had seen in the burial chamber. I made inquiries as to her birth and her father's history, and found that she was indeed the grandchild of that Mary Thunder whose history had been so strangely related to me, and the rightful heiress of all those properties which, for a few months, had been mine. Under the tree in the orchard, the thirteenth, and that by which I had seen the lady digging, were found the buried deeds which had been described to me. I made an immediate transfer of property, whereupon some others who thought they had a chance of being my heirs disputed the matter with me and went to law. Thus the affair had gained publicity and became a nine days' wonder. Many things have been in my favour, however : the proving of Mary's birth and of Sir Luke's will, the identification of Lady Thunder's handwriting on the slips of paper which I had brought from the burial chamber, also other

matters which a search in that chamber brought to light. I triumphed, and I now go abroad leaving Frank and his Mary made happy by the possession of what could only have been a burden to me.

* * * * *

So the MS. ends. Major Thunder fell in battle a few years after the adventure it relates. Frank O'Brien's grand-children hear of him with gratitude and awe. The Rath has been long since totally dismantled and left to go to ruin.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

To my Example.

WE walked among the galleries of my soul,
 And thou with gentle, sympathetic smile,
 (Thy smile) didst stay to prove my work awhile,
 My poor unfinished marbles, with no whole
 Complete save what thou bad'st me to unbuild—
 Brow-flowered idols blooded by my veins,
 Watered with difficultly stored-up rains,
 Condemned a sacrifice to thee. Unfilled
 Seem silent spaces that I have not known
 Untenanted when not with thee I pace
 Those silent halls, and Cupids veiling hates,
 My statued selves, stabbing to tears, have flown.
 And wilt thou where they stood thy pathway trace?
 —Then shalt thou close, my heart, thy myriad gates.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

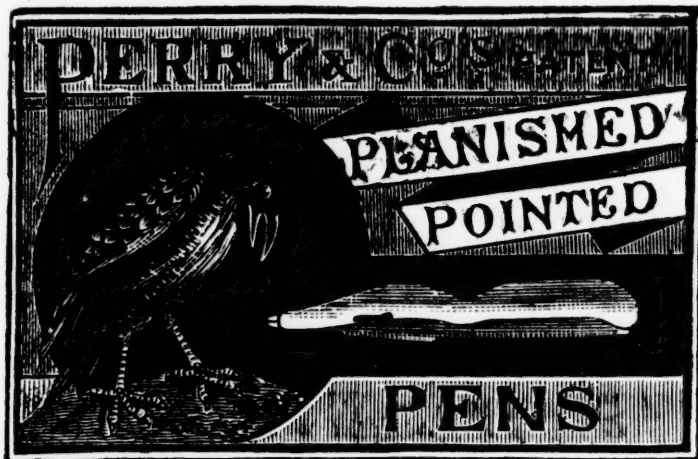
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New Year Eve
1889

My "England" has well
deserved a Happy New
Year, which I heartily wish
to the Editor, the Writers
and the Readers of its
pleasing pages

Henry Edward
Cardinal Archbishop